

COLLIER'S

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY




Proper care at the right time makes and preserves a good complexion. Through hot, mid-summer days the skin is kept smooth and fair as a lily by

Woodbury's Facial Soap


Prevents burning and roughness caused by sun and wind. Acts gratefully on the tenderest skin. Insures a velvety complexion. Soothing, refreshing and antiseptic.
25 cents at all dealers.

Special Offer Our booklet and trial size package of Soap and Facial Cream sent for 5 cents to pay postage; or, for 10 cents the same and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder and Dental Cream.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO. Dept. 31 Cincinnati, O.
Sole Agents.



F. P. C. WAX



A specially imported wax, chemically treated so that when it is once rubbed over the iron the latter is cleaned as if by magic. It prevents all odor, giving the work that beautiful, silky polish sought for by the laundress.


*Not only the Best, but
The most Economical*

Why? Because each fine cut stick of F. P. C. Wax is in an automatic wooden holder, which keeps it from dripping. It never loses shape, and is good until the last particle of wax is used. The handle saves your fingers from burns.

If your grocer tries to substitute the old wax that spoils your ironing and your temper, send 10 cents for two sticks to the

Flame Proof Co. New York City

ABSOLUTELY NO COOKING



**Large Package
15 CENTS
ALL GROCERS**

IT stands to reason that the cereal selected for constant use by people of sense and discrimination must be a good one. This applies to *Cook's Flaked Rice*, which is unquestionably the leading family cereal of America.

IT IS MADE FROM SELECTED RICE, DELICATELY AND SUFFICIENTLY STEAM COOKED, AND PUT UP IN ATTRACTIVE PACKAGES

"The Busy Man's Train"


Appropriate in its Name,
Appropriate in its Route,
Appropriate in its Character—

"THE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED"

This is The century of all ages.
The New York Central's 20-hour train between New York and Chicago (the two great commercial centers of America) is The train of the century, and is appropriately named

"THE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED"

A copy of the "Four-Track News" containing a picture of "The 20th Century Limited" and a deal of useful information regarding places to visit, modes of travel, etc., will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of five cents, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central, Grand Central Station, New York.



You Pay And Take
It's either a
Hartford Single Tube

Your Money Your Choice
or a
Dunlop Double Tube

The uniform quality and excellence of construction of **HARTFORD DUNLOP and HARTFORD TIRES** have made them the most reliable and successful tires of their respective types

We have in stock and will supply the proper size and proper weight tire for every kind of wheel, and will send you free expert advice regarding the tires best adapted to your especial needs

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS COMPANY
HARTFORD, CONN.

WHITE MOUNTAINS

THE MOUNT PLEASANT HOTEL COMPANY
ANNOUNCES THE COMPLETION OF ITS GREAT HOTEL

"THE MOUNT WASHINGTON"

In the HEART OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

NOW OPEN

SWIMMING POOL, SQUASH COURTS, BOWLING GREEN
And every device for comfort and luxury known in modern hotel construction.

Montague Tallack of the Park Riding School, Boston, has a Professional Riding Master, with well-trained saddle horses, for the use of guests. Professional Instructor of Swimming. Professional Masseuse.

Concert by the Combined Orchestra, 23 Pieces, Alternately at Both Houses
During August and September.

"THE MOUNT PLEASANT"

and MOUNT PLEASANT COTTAGE, Now Open

The Golf Course, 18 holes, 5500 yards, now open for play.

Through trains leave the Grand Central station, New York, at 9.02 A. M. daily, except Sunday, due at The Mount Pleasant at 7.29 P. M., and at 9 P. M. daily, except Sunday, due at The Mount Pleasant at 8.40 A. M.

ANDERSON & PRICE, Mgrs. Also of the Ormond in Florida.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON
PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK: 416-424 WEST 13TH ST.
LONDON: 34 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, W. C.

VOLUME TWENTY-NINE
NUMBER NINETEEN

NEW YORK : AUGUST 9, 1902

TEN CENTS A COPY
\$5.20 PER YEAR

PORTO RICO IS A BRILLIANT AND REFRESHING exception among our possessions beyond the sea. It has taken its modest place quietly, and it doesn't trouble us by flaunting its own sins or by mirroring ours. In another column will be found an article by Governor-General Hunt, who returned the other day. He reports prosperity, peace and content among the people. We have the strongest sort of support for his assertions in an article from a ministerial paper of Madrid. This old enemy of Americans, after commenting on the great improvement that has taken place in Porto Rico since it was ceded to the United States, sadly remarks on the incompetence of the Spanish governors, who were unable to do in centuries what Americans have accomplished in less than three years.

THE MOSQUITO HAS CEASED TO BE A LAUGHING matter, if it ever was funny, except to the professional jokewright, and has taken its proper place as a serious enemy of the human race. Many zealous scientific men are studying its habits and habitat with the design of destroying it, and even the hardened politicians are awakening to the necessity of appropriating public money for the purpose. The State entomologist of New Jersey has differentiated over a score of varieties of culex, three of which are anophelous or malaria-carriers. He urges the use of petroleum in stagnant pools and the draining and filling up of marshes. But this is slow work when left to the casual attention of private individuals. It should be taken up by the public authorities. They spend vast sums every year in attacking less irritating and dangerous pests.

HARD COAL AT TEN DOLLARS A TON IS ONE OF the promised consequences of the dispute between the miners and the coal railways of Pennsylvania, into which, the public is informed with authority, it has no right to stick its inquisitive nose. Strange to say, the public cannot appreciate the wickedness of its curiosity. A man knows that if he smells smoke in his house it is his duty to look around for the fire, and if his neighbors make too much noise he has a right to complain to the police; and he can't make out why he should be forbidden to seek a remedy for a condition that is taking ten dollars out of his pocket for a necessity that ought to cost only six. He wants to know whether he will have to pay ten or twelve or fifteen dollars a ton for coal next winter or whether the extortionate prices will prevail only while the companies are getting rid of their standing supplies at a rate about forty per cent higher than was charged before the strike. He also would like to know why, if the operators desire, as they pretend, to resume work in the mines and can't come to terms with the union, they do not proceed with such non-union labor as they can hire. This is what the man who is paying a large part of his income to cook his dinner would like to know, but to ask is to commit sacrilege against the sacred rights of property.

THE LAND AGITATION IN IRELAND HAS TAKEN a new form—suited to the modern fashion of leaving everything in the world to the lawyers. A number of rich landlords have banded together to fight the League and have begun by suing the Irish leaders for heavy damages; the Irish leaders have retaliated by bringing suits against the landlords. But no one who knows his Ireland can believe that the battle will be waged to the end with writs and summonses. The politics of that most distressful land are approaching the ugliest crisis Ireland has known since Parnell's death, and, as usual, the British Government is treating the situation with blundering speeches and irritating measures. The witty Judge Morris once described the failure of England to manage Ireland as "the case of a stupid and honest nation trying to govern a very intelligent and dishonest one."

THE RECENT ELECTIONS IN FRANCE WERE SO overwhelmingly favorable to the Ministry that the government felt justified in going forward with the most severe provisions of the anti-associations law. But the chivalrous side of the French character has been touched by the expulsion of the nuns from their convents, and the government is not as sure of the confidence of the nation as it was in May. The ladies have taken a hand in the agitation, joining the men in a demonstration in the Place de la Concorde and besieging Mme. Loubet's drawing-room with petitions calling on her to soften the hard heart of her husband. M. Combes, the new Premier, has attempted to carry out the legacy bequeathed by Waldeck-Rousseau with firmness and dignity, but the steady hand and cool nerves of that great man may be needed before the crisis is passed. The trouble has been made the occasion

for a display of various anti-republican forces, communist and royalist. In the latter, it is gratifying to our national pride to note that a number of free-born American ladies are prominent.

A COMMITTEE OF "ANTI-IMPERIALISTS," CONSISTING of Charles Francis Adams, Carl Schurz, Edwin Burritt Smith, Moorfield Storey and Herbert Welsh, have addressed an open letter to the President on the conduct of the campaign in the Philippines. While applauding Mr. Roosevelt for his vigorous treatment of "Hell-roaring Jake," these gentlemen insist that the investigation shall continue, and that officers and men found guilty of cruelty and oppression be brought to justice. They expressly charge "the following criminal acts on the part of officers and soldiers of the United States": 1. Kidnapping and murder under circumstances of aggravated brutality. 2. Robbery. 3. Torture, both of men and women, and rape of the latter. 4. The infliction of death on other parties, on the strength of evidence elicited through torture. The committee specify one case of a Roman Catholic priest, "a man educated, refined and, so far as appears, guilty only of the possession of money," who was "foully done away with by an officer of the United States now in New England." The letter is temperate in tone, and it cannot be ignored, nor can the dreadful accusations repeated by men of position be answered by any amount of nonsense about the "honor of the army." This is one of the questions that will never be settled until it is settled right. The "anti-imperialist" may irritate the politicians at Washington and enrage the haughty lieutenants at Manila, but the public at home ought to thank him for the pertinacity with which he sticks to a disagreeable duty. If half the charges framed by this committee are true, the honor of the nation, which after all is at least as important as the honor of the army, demands that a convincing example be made of the offenders.

DR. RUSSELL WILSON OF OHIO MUST BE MORE thankful than we are that he is an American citizen. Dr. Wilson emulated Mr. Richard Harding Davis' heroes and joined a filibustering expedition in Nicaragua. He was not as fortunate as his models, because Mr. Davis didn't write him. The filibustering party was cut to pieces and a drum-head court-martial was all for shooting the doctor against a wall when the Nicaraguan Minister at Washington intervened and the Nicaraguan Government commuted the sentence, "as a courtesy to the United States and out of sympathy for the mother." Sentiment still clings to the filibuster, notwithstanding the general knowledge that he is most often a good-for-nothing creature, the worst type of a mercenary, and absurdly unsuccessful outside the covers of the story-book. Dr. Wilson may not belong to this class, but it would not be a bad thing if, having escaped punishment in Nicaragua, he should be taught in some exemplary fashion that he has violated the statutes of the United States.

THE ENORMOUS FINANCIAL OPERATIONS OF THE controlling figures in the big railways of the country continue without pause and are accompanied by rumors of more startling consolidations than those that have been effected in the last year or two of financial miracles. The prospect of uniting all the great railways in one vast "holding company" is even discussed with equanimity by men supposed to possess common-sense and a reasonable amount of prudence. There is really no logical reason why the groups now in existence should not be thrown together. There may be a limit to capitalization and a point where a property can become too large to be effectively managed by any one man or any small coterie of men. But these points do not seem to bother the financiers who are piling up edifices that may appear weak to the public because the public knows little about this style of architecture. If Mr. Hill and Mr. Morgan can combine the Burlington, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific systems; if Mr. Morgan alone can direct the operations of the Erie, the Southern, the Louisville & Nashville; if Mr. Harriman can control the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Illinois Central; if Mr. Vanderbilt can manage a system reaching from Portland, Me., to the Rockies and including half a dozen great railway properties, and if all these consolidations are good for the public and the shareholders, why not consolidate the consolidations? If a "holding company" of four hundred million dollars' capitalization does not disturb Wall Street, why should one of four thousand millions? We have now a steel company capitalized for one-fourth that amount. No wonder there is talk of further blending of interests and no wonder, also, there is renewed

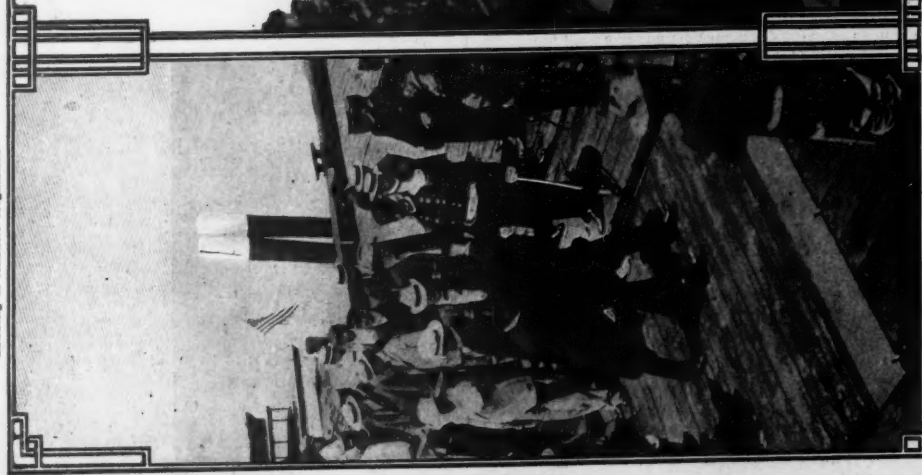
agitation for government ownership. It was inconceivable to timid imaginations when the railway business was divided among a thousand warring interests. It does not seem so remote to-day.

THE EASTERN REORGANIZERS OF THE DEMOCRATIC party have stirred up a hornet's nest; at any rate, they have excited one hornet to a most uncomfortable degree of activity. Far from contentedly permitting himself to be "effaced," Mr. Bryan has started out with the determination of effacing the Eastern Gold Democrats who refused to support him in 1896 and 1900. Neither Mr. Cleveland nor Mr. Hill will be the Democratic candidate in 1904 if Mr. Bryan can prevent it, and it is quite plain that, although Mr. Bryan himself probably will not be nominated and that he may not be able to name the candidate, he will say who and what candidate shall not be. The attempt to make him "go 'way back and sit down," as a horse-racing friend of conservatism in the New York Senate put it, has had the unexpected effect of calling out expressions of real affection for the leader from all parts of the West and South. Mr. Bryan, who, with all his appearance of rash enthusiasm, is as crafty a politician as any other man we know, has taken advantage of the situation, and instead of receiving him with indifference the larger part of his party is hearkening after some intimation from his lips as to the right man to nominate against Theodore Roosevelt. A mere mention of the name of Edward M. Shepard in a speech at Nantasket was enough to start a study of Mr. Shepard's possibilities as a candidate. He is the eminent lawyer who ran for Mayor of New York last year and was beaten disastrously. His canvass was weak, but he was in a difficult position, trying to run with the hares of Tammany and hunt with the hounds of reform. He might do better in the larger arena and fighting for broader principles. He is at least "regular," for although he didn't believe in the free coinage of silver and by training and association was hostile to a great part of the Chicago and Kansas City platforms, he supported the party candidate on both occasions, when Mr. Cleveland was discharging his heaviest guns at Mr. Bryan and Mr. Hill was lending aid and comfort to the enemy.

A MAN OF EIGHTY YEARS MAY BE FORGIVEN for a certain amount of petulance, especially if he has spent the greater part of his life on the Federal bench. But something more than the crossness of old age crept into the decision of Judge Jackson of West Virginia in the case of certain labor leaders who were up before him for the peculiar kind of contempt of court that has become a national party issue. He sent the men to jail for long terms and he heavily denounced them and labor leaders in general as "vampires" living on the proceeds of honest toil. With due respect for Judge Jackson, and all other judges old and young, we must say that this sort of stump speech from the bench is getting on the nerves of the public. Where is the "cold neutrality of the impartial judge" in a furious attack on helpless prisoners and a sweeping denunciation of a whole class of taxpaying citizens who have committed no offence against the law? If the prisoners were guilty of an abuse of the right of free speech, how much more flagrant is the offence of the judge! The case has aroused indignant protests from quarters to which we have been wont to look for a vigorous defence of the judicial prerogative. Senator Hoar of Massachusetts is among the statesmen and lawyers who have voiced the feeling that the time has arrived to check by legislative enactment the amazing extensions of the power to grant injunctions and punish contempts created by the Federal judiciary in the last ten years.

ONE OR TWO OF OUR READERS IN CANADA HAVE expressed annoyance and even irritation at the comment of this page on the arrest of Colonel Arthur Lynch a few weeks ago. They particularly dislike the statement that Colonel Lynch was locked up "not because he is correspondent of COLLIER'S WEEKLY but because he is an Irishman." One of them even went to the length of explaining that a man couldn't be imprisoned legally in England merely because he is an Irishman. He must have done something else. What the writer of the paragraph attempted to convey in a clumsy manner was that the high vivacity of his race got Colonel Lynch into trouble. He went to South Africa because he was an Irishman and he was arrested because he went to South Africa, or, to be more exact, because, having been in South Africa, he returned to England. We trust this explanation, offered in all humility, will be acceptable to the most serious of our readers among the subjects of the King.

Landing at Atlantic Highlands



Leaving the Railroad Train



The President delivering his Speech at Camp Franklin Murphy



PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. HARE

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT REVIEWS THE NEW JERSEY STATE TROOPS AT SEA GIRT, N.J.

President Roosevelt's first significant absence from Oyster Bay this summer was to review New Jersey troops at Sea Girt on July 24. There is a bill in Congress providing for the equipment of all militia with modern arms. Militiamen throughout the country are deeply interested in it, so this year the President was invited to be present at the encampment. President Roosevelt was accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Alice and several friends. They took the official yacht "Mayflower" to Atlantic Highlands and there boarded a special train of parlor cars for Sea Girt. Flags were flying everywhere and many thousands of people were out. At Sea Girt the presidential party was saluted with twenty-one guns. It seemed as though the ocean had sent in a tidal wave of summer girls and white trousers and Panama hats, and had given everybody a camera. After the review the President in his speech (of course there was a speech) said very nice things about General Gilmore and the militia, and—what was more important—promised to sign the Militia Bill. In the above photograph President Roosevelt, Governor Murphy, General Gilmore and staff are shown inspecting the troops



AN INTERESTING AND AUTHORITATIVE ACCOUNT OF WHAT AMERICAN RULE HAS ACCOMPLISHED FOR OUR TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND IN THE WEST INDIES, AND SOME INSIDE FACTS ABOUT THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE COLONY WHICH WILL PROVE OF GREAT VALUE TO MANUFACTURERS, BUSINESS MEN, INVESTORS AND EXPORTERS IN THE UNITED STATES

THE AMERICAN FLAG flies in but one important point in the Antilles—Porto Rico—and now that an isthmian canal is assured, the significance of the position of this beautiful island warrants consideration, from both patriotic and commercial viewpoints.

Porto Rico lies 1,380 miles from New York, 1,000 from Colon, 1,200 from Greytown, 1,000 from Havana, 210 from St. Thomas, and is half-way between New York and Para. Its strategic advantages stand forth when we read the past history of the wars of the Caribbean Sea; its commercial situation is that of an entrepôt in the trade that the United States may win with the 40,000,000 of people south of the island—that commercial expansion, that larger business extension foretold by President McKinley at the Pan-American Exposition last year.

Other nations are alert. South American commerce increases, and the far-sighted business man will find Porto Rico a convenient home point to pause and observe the signs of the times. A few facts concerning the island may therefore help him in his search for wider information; they will at least tell him of the possibilities of our own tropical island and perhaps stimulate more intimate commercial relations.

Porto Rico's shores are washed on one side by the Atlantic, on the other by the Caribbean. With an area of 3,668 square miles, its length is 100 miles, its width about 36. The population is 750,000, or just about that of the State of West Virginia. It has half as many people as New Jersey, more than Connecticut and nearly as many as Maryland. Massachusetts averages more people to the square mile, so does Rhode Island, but Porto Rico is densely populated with 260 persons to each square mile of territory.

AN AGRICULTURAL MONTE CRISTO

Its potential wealth is hard to estimate, but it is very great. It is peculiarly an agricultural country, 63 per cent of the people following farming pursuits. Of the 2,347,520 acres of land, less than 25 per cent are planted, while of the lands that are cultivated 61,000 acres are in cane, 140,000 in coffee, about 5,000 in tobacco, less than 100,000 in rice and corn, and less than 20,000 in fruits.

Sugar cane was brought to Porto Rico in 1515. The kind now planted is the Tahiti, which the French found in the Society Islands in the year 1606. In 1776 Porto Rico produced 273,000 pounds of sugar.

Coffee has flourished there for 150 years. Tobacco was first found in the Antilles by the Spanish conquerors, and in 1880 over 12,000,000 pounds were produced in Porto Rico. From 1850 to 1897 the crops of sugar, coffee and tobacco averaged as follows:

Sugar	70,695 tons	\$2,475,887
Coffee	10,264 "	2,047,281
Tobacco	2,425 "	254,464

In 1900 the sugar crop was over 61,000 tons, while the coffee produced was 9,000 tons only, and the tobacco 3,000 tons. The falling off of the coffee crop in that year was due to the hurricane of 1899. The crop of 1901 increased, though, to 14,000 tons, and it is expected that the crop of 1902 will be almost normal, reaching 22,000 tons. Recent writers have placed coffee as the most valuable product of Porto Rico. Since 1879 the value of the coffee crop during six seasons has exceeded that of the sugar; indeed, in 1896, when the maximum value of the coffee crop was reached, its value was four times greater than that of the sugar crop.

But it is really only now that opportunity is given to Porto Rico to prove what its unsurpassed soil and climate can do under free government and with the unequalled trade conditions prevailing. Lands which have lain fallow for generations are being planted in cane, and it is probable that most of the level land lying near the coast and along the borders of the larger streams will be devoted entirely to sugar, while the skirts of the mountains and the hillsides will be reserved for pasture, coffee, tobacco and fruit.

Scientific methods of sugar-making are supplanting the old Muscovado process, and what was formerly kept as molasses now goes into the plantation distillery to be made into rum, a better yielding by-product of sugar than molasses. In 1902 the sugar crop will be at least 105,000 tons, this being the largest crop but one ever produced. It is said that in 1879 over 150,000 tons were marketed.

The old-fashioned mills cannot grind all the cane this year, but American enterprise is evident and several big central mills, backed by corporate wealth, are being constructed to respond to the planters' needs. Sugar lands are the most valuable, the best being assessed at \$150 per acre.

COFFEE AND TOBACCO FOR THE MILLIONS

Good coffee lands, well cultivated, will produce at least four quintals of coffee annually per acre. This is a very conservative estimate. With this production and a price of \$10 per quintal for coffee, we have \$40 per acre. A quintal of coffee can be laid down at the seaport for exportation at a total cost of \$7 for production and transportation. At a total

expense of \$28 per acre, there should be left a minimum net gain of \$12 per acre for coffee, even at the very low price commanded by the Porto Rican berry at present. Brazilian coffee is cheaper than that grown in Porto Rico, but it is inferior in quality. It is said that the best coffee served in Vienna and Madrid comes from Porto Rico. Europe bought over \$3,000,000 worth last year.

The United States does not yet know of the excellence of its own insular drink, but there are hopeful indications. In 1901 the value of coffee sent from Porto Rico to America was only \$4,305, but last year \$29,188 worth came to New York. As an after-dinner coffee the Porto Rican is unsurpassed, and it cannot fail to be very popular before long.

Perhaps the most stable crop in the island is tobacco. Looking at it from the standpoint of local economic good it is the most valuable, because the product is manufactured in Porto Rico and exported in the forms of cigars and cigarettes. This means employment for many laboring people, a feature never to be lost sight of where there are no manufactures and a dense settlement of easy-going persons. Great improvement is being made in the curing of the tobacco, and it is confidently believed that the quality will soon possess the flavor and aroma of the best Cuban Vuelta Abaja.

Free trade with the United States (declared July 25, 1901) has worked wonders in tobacco farming. The price of the leaf has greatly advanced, tobacco lands have risen in value, and the area under cultivation is being rapidly extended. The crop of 1902 will be the most valuable ever produced, reaching nearly 100,000 quintals.

To show the growth of the tobacco business in Porto Rico, exports to the United States of cigars and cigarettes for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, amounted to \$296,901, while for the last fiscal year their value was \$1,570,938.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR FRUIT GROWERS

Fruit-growing ought to receive more attention than it has in Porto Rico. All tropical fruits flourish in their wild condition, and, so far as cultivation has gone, every success has attended the experiments made. Oranges, grapefruit, lemons, limes, pineapples, bananas, plantains, coconuts, guavas and many other varieties grow luxuriantly. Pomology, however, as a science is practically unknown. During the past two years over 3,500 acres have been planted in oranges. The net profits of orange-growing will be large. About 70 orange trees are usually planted in an acre of good land, and with a yield of 500 oranges for each tree, which may be expected at the end of five years, at a price of one dollar per hundred, the profit will be handsome.

Pineapples are profitable; so are coconuts, which require little or no attention. While an orange grower awaits his maturing trees he can do well with pineapples or other fruits. Bananas receive no particular care now, although the flavor of the fruit is unusually good.

Recently there has been some revived interest in cotton-growing in Porto Rico. More than a hundred years ago it was successfully cultivated, and in 1837 it is known that 10,000 bales were produced; but for the past forty years the industry has declined. The plant is said to be a native of the island, and the quality of cotton grown is pronounced good. The greater profits of other crops forced cotton out.

FINE CHANCES FOR AMERICAN MERCHANTS

The people of the island are great rice eaters—indeed a mixture of rice, codfish and beans makes up the regular meal for the country people. Over 10,000,000 pounds of rice are consumed by the natives each year. In time, every pound for home consumption will be produced in the island; but in the last fiscal year, in addition to what was brought from New Orleans and New York, \$90,000 worth of rice was imported from Spain.

A word as to other importations. From July 1, 1901, to July 1, 1902, Europe sent to Porto Rico goods of the value of \$2,406,617. This was an increase in the value of foreign importations over the preceding year of about half a million dollars. Now what did the people of Porto Rico buy in Europe? The sacks in which the coffee and sugar growers put their products came in quantities from foreign lands, and were valued at \$83,993. The codfish that the islanders ate came from Halifax, Nova Scotia, and was valued at \$424,553.

The olive oil, that the people are so fond of, was brought from France and Spain—over \$70,000 worth having been imported last year. Prepared meat, valued at over \$158,000, was brought from England for use in Porto Rico. Soaps, valued at \$134,000, were imported from France and Spain. This last year, too, the value of garlic and onions brought from Spain exceeded \$70,000; a considerable increase over the year before. During 1900-1901, \$22,000 worth of potatoes were imported from the Canary Islands, and in the last fiscal year nearly \$50,000 worth came from Spanish territory. The value of still wine brought into the island last year was over \$50,000; and in sawed lumber an increased importation over the previous year showed \$44,000 of lumber importation.

The New England fishermen, the California olive growers, the Illinois beef packers, the Carolina and Louisiana rice producers, the New Jersey onion farmers, the Georgia lumbermen, and the American farmers and manufacturers generally should find a good deal to think about in these figures, remembering always that trade is just really opening with Porto Rico.

On the other hand, Porto Rico will send out millions of dollars of merchandise, probably \$15,000,000 worth during the coming fiscal year, and more annually thereafter.

The export trade to the United States in 1901-1902 showed an increase of 48 6-10 per cent over the previous year, and to foreign countries an increase of 54 7-10 per cent in the same period. Note the fact that the percentage of increase in export values to foreign lands exceeded that to our own country. The total value of exports for last year was \$12,889,925, of which \$8,297,420 represents exports to the mainland and \$4,592,505 to foreign countries. If the coffee trade should be diverted from Europe to the United States it would materially change the figures at once.

YEARS OF GREAT PROSPERITY

The government of the island is civil. Legislative authority is vested in an executive council of six Americans, who are also the executive heads of the departments, and five native born islanders, all appointed by the President. There is likewise a House of Delegates, consisting of thirty-five members, all of whom are elected by the people. In general respects government is of modified territorial form. Two legislative sessions have been held. The course of events has proved the organic law to be just, liberal and successful. Law and order, stability of political conditions and wish for Americanism obtain. It can be safely said that the people would not remove a single institution implanted. The systems of laws passed by the native legislators are analogous to those prevailing in California and Louisiana. Property rights are safe; an excellent corporation law has just been adopted, capital is scrupulously guarded, and there is no disposition to prey upon it. Insular taxes are one half of one per cent on property; municipal taxes the same, together with light special taxes in some instances.

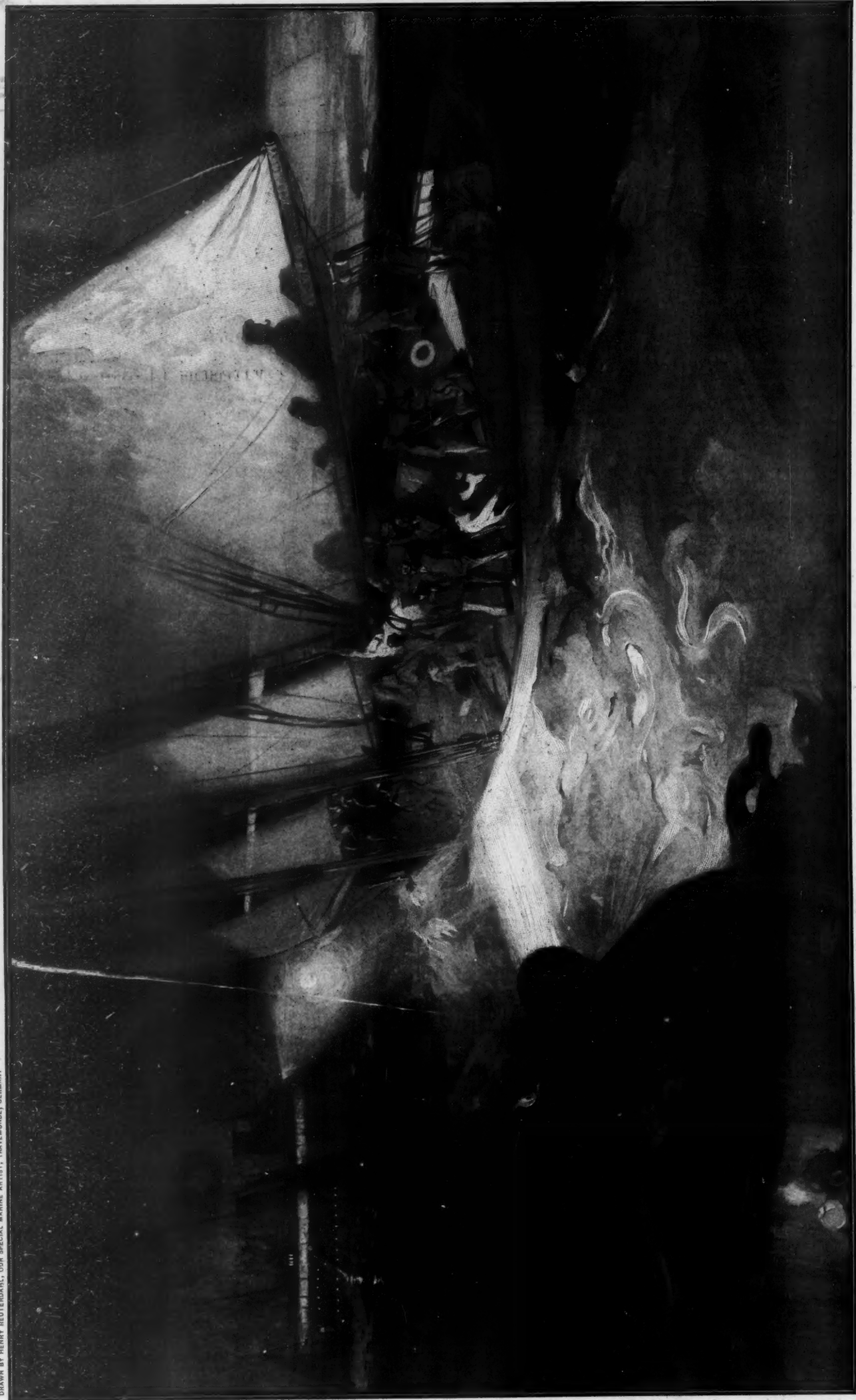
To carry self-government to a people who for four hundred years had been denied any participation whatsoever in public affairs naturally involves the exercise of the utmost care, but Congress wisely gave power to the people, and those of us who have done a humble share of construction are optimistic, yet conservatively so. There has been an immense amount to do, but we have moved along, doing something, acting for the future as well as the present, attracting less attention than if the experiment had been balked, or failed, or was engendering suspicion or arousing the passive resistance of the islanders themselves.

Spain in her best year taught 22,000 children in a wretched way; we are teaching more than 44,000 now with an established free school system. Spain never built a schoolhouse; we have built over 30 and are projecting more. Spain in nearly 400 years built only 284 kilometres of wagon roads; in less than four years we have built over 140 additional kilometres: that is to say, in less than four years we have built more than half as many kilometres of roads as Spain built in one hundred times four years. Spain evacuated Porto Rico leaving an empty public treasury; on July 1, 1902, there was not a dollar of indebtedness against the island, while the treasury reports showed a balance of current available insular revenues of \$314,600, an increase of \$239,968 in the fiscal year. To this should be added what is left of the refunded customs (originally amounting to \$2,000,000, given by Congress two years ago), which brings the total cash assets of the insular government, on July 1, 1902, up to the substantial sum of \$1,789,597.

From an impartial standpoint, whether political, commercial or moral, the student, the business man and the patriotic citizen may derive satisfaction, if not comfort, in the whole situation.

There have been trying times, there have been many deep anxieties, hard questions have arisen, but patience and the determination to rely on the natural kindness, the intelligence and the patriotism of the natives have helped us work through them all. Porto Ricans are good people and worthy of every benefit conferred and in store. Had it not been for the sterling qualities of the large majority of their results would not be as recorded. A few complain that little has been done; some are not in sympathy with all our aims; but these difficulties were to be looked for and are lessening as time goes by. There are plenty of cares ahead, because the task we have set out upon is a large one; but if the generous confidence of the people of the United States continues with us, and if the experiences of the last four years are cautiously utilized by us in the future, the island will continue to advance, the people will be self-restrained in their liberty, and the triumphs of peace shall prevail in ways to endure forever.

DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL, OUR SPECIAL MARINE ARTIST, TRAVEMÜNDE, GERMANY



AN AMERICAN-BUILT YACHT IN THE GERMAN IMPERIAL YACHT RACE

The schooner-yacht "Meteor," built in America for the Kaiser, crossing the finish line third in the great race from Kiel to Travemünde, July 5—the regatta held under the auspices of the German Emperor. In this contest of "Kiel Week," which is the most important yachting event in the world, over fifty craft participated. The second prize of this particular race—on the day of which the Emperor was on board the "Meteor"—was won by the American-built yawl "Navahoe." The illustration represents the "Meteor" crossing the line at midnight under searchlights directed from the German cruiser "Nymph," as well as from the judges' boat and the royal yacht "Hohenzollern." The total yacht entries for the regatta numbered nearly five hundred, and it presented the most impressive and beautiful spectacle of the kind that Europe has ever seen.

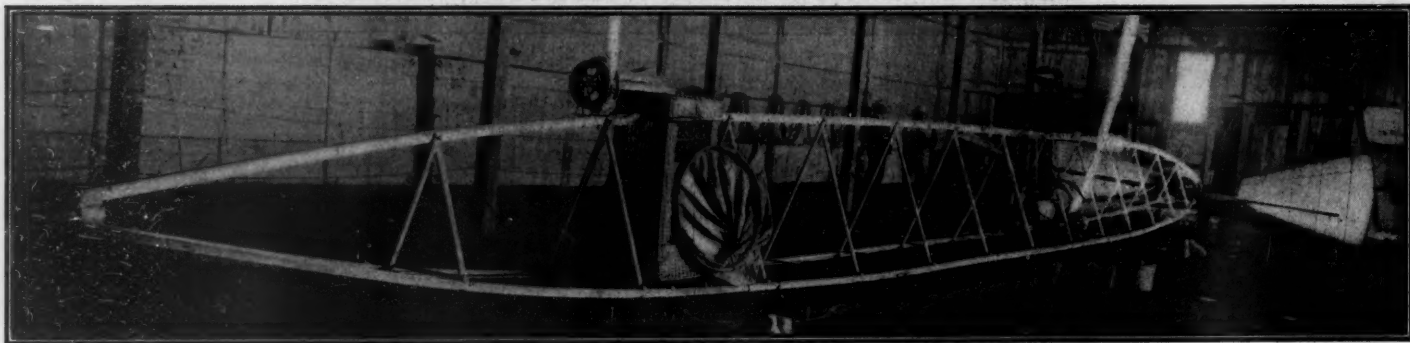
DRAWN BY JAMES GARDNER ROPER ON BOARD YACHT, JULY 8, 1902



THE SOCIAL SIDE OF YACHTING—FIVE O'CLOCK TEA IN NEWPORT HARBOR

A most interesting feature of the annual cruise of the N. Y. C. is the number of magnificent steam yachts accompanying the fleet. Aboard these floating palaces, after a day's run, owners and guests are "At Home." Luncheon or tea is served on the after-deck, where the perfect appointments and exquisite aquatic "creations" worn by the ladies, and perfect freedom from business, noise and domestic annoyances of the city, conspire to present a charming scene and to make "life worth living."

Santos-Dumont's Car at Brighton Beach—The Car of the Machine to which he says he will adapt Aeroplanes



NAVIGATORS OF THE AIR

By A. SANTOS-DUMONT

I WOULD have every man of means in the United States and Europe interested in aerial navigation, my fond hope being that I shall meet a number of competitors at the exhibitions at Brighton Beach and at the competitions at St. Louis and elsewhere.

The airship which is now ready at Brighton Beach was built by mechanics in my employ who were sent over here for the purpose. All my airships have been built almost entirely by myself, even the motors used being constructed under my personal direction. The airship mentioned above is my No. 6 model and is the same one which won the Grand Prix de Paris last year and in which I made five voyages in the Mediterranean in the first months of the present year. At this time, too, I am building elsewhere three new airships—No. 8, No. 9 and No. 10 of the series—all of which can be completed on short notice. It should be added, by way of encouragement to those who would like to take part in this year's experiments, that in the aeronautic industry conditions are such that a new airship can be constructed within thirty days' time.

Not as the dream of a visionary, but as an affirmation which can be backed up by figures, I have no hesitation in saying that my No. 6 airship, if its present proportions were followed and it were increased to the size of an ocean-going greyhound, like the *Lucania* or the *Oceanic*, would, with a motor sufficiently powerful, be capable of transporting one thousand passengers of my own weight from New York to London in about one-third of the time now required for a transatlantic voyage by steamer, or about two days. I feel that I can safely prophesy that if the progress made in aeronautic science within the last few years continues, the feat just mentioned as a possibility will become an accomplished fact within the present decade.

At Guines, in Normandy, stands the only aeronautical monument in the world. This monument was erected in honor of the French aeronaut, Blanchard, and the physician, Dr. Jeffries of Boston, who, in 1775, crossed the English Channel in a balloon from Dover. Since that time we have become indebted to aeronautics as the science which has made possible all our knowledge of climatology within the regions of more than twenty thousand feet above the earth. In July of last year a series of experiments were made in Germany, in one of which an aeronaut reached the greatest height ever attained by man, viz., thirty-five thousand feet. But the problem in which I am specially interested is not so much a question of great altitude as one of direction and speed and of making airships of practical use, not only as a sport but as a commercial venture.

Meantime, the flying machine, if one is ever successfully built, promises to become of practical use for short journeys, in that such machines will fly at incomparable speed—an advantage which will be greatly appreciated by the wealthy in making certain crossings in their travels, such as that over the Straits of Dover. These machines, too, can be used for the transmission of despatches when speed is of importance. The airship, on the other hand—thanks to hydrogen—will

maintain an advantage over the aeroplane because of its capabilities in carrying a large quantity of combustible material for very long runs, not to speak of another advantage which imparts to it the greatest practical utility, making it superior in war and commerce, namely, the carrying of a great number of travellers and a large cargo of merchandise.

But why is it that so little practical progress has been made in airships since 1775, when the monument before mentioned was erected at Guines? Why not at once apply the naphtha motor, which even now affords us a single horsepower under a weight of six pounds? I ask again and again why our inventors—who seem to love the seclusion of their laboratories better than journeys in the open air—continue passively to wait for a so-called light motor? After devoting myself so long to the fascinating study of aviation, in all its mechanical branches as well as its theoretical side, I am amazed that so many aeronauts waste time trying to apply the electric motor to aeronautics, when this motor, with its generator (accumulator or battery), is perhaps the heaviest motor yet invented. Why not use the energy stored up in petroleum, especially when in one kilogramme of this valuable fluid ten thousand calories may be transformed into force?

In the airship at Brighton Beach there is a 16-horsepower motor constructed by the Buchet Motor Power Company of France. It carries four gallons of gasoline, tanks for which are located just back of the motor. The entire weight of my vessel is about twelve hundred pounds. The airship itself, which supports the car in which I travel, is about one hundred and fifteen feet in length and about nineteen feet in diameter when fully inflated. This balloon is in the form of a spindle—sometimes it is called cigar-shaped—and is heavier than air—that is to say, when the propeller is stopped it does not rise of itself. It is a mistake to oppose "aerostation," the principle of which requires a combination of materials which is lighter than the air, to "aviation," which necessitates a combination heavier than the air. In my airship No. 6 I employ both these principles. My airship is what may be called a tubular aeroplane; and it was by the use of hydrogen gas under pressure, to keep tense the vast surface, and by the use, at the same time, of the very lightest materials in the mechanism, such as aluminum and pieces of fine wood bound together by the finest metallic thread, that I was able to construct thus in tubular form the only aeroplane which has ever been so successful as to raise itself and its aeronaut while remaining heavier than air. By the dynamic action of the propeller which I use, about twenty kilogrammes are supported.

The birds themselves furnish all aeronauts with ideas. In the first place, they set the example of the necessity of economy of weight in the mechanism of airships, in that the quills of their feathers are hollow. Their bones are also hollow, air being substituted for the marrow of the bones of beasts. Again the aeronaut can take lessons from the birds in swiftness, that bravery common to the young eagle when it spreads its wings for its first flight from the nest.

As a matter of fact, there is no keener sport, no more delightful sensation, than that of soaring like a bird through the air. But over and above all, it is the spice of danger that gives the keenest enjoyment to this sport. For we must not forget that in all experiments with airships or flying machines there is constant danger. By further evolution I dare say that the danger will be eliminated, so far as danger may be eliminated from any form of locomotion. Of course, it may always be possible that an airship may burn up in mid-air, but the hazard of passage in an airship because of fire will be no greater than aboard an Atlantic steamer.

I have been asked scores of times to say whether it is true that I have written a book setting forth the vast and multiple problems of aeronautics. The answer is that I have the manuscript of such a book ready for publication and am resolved to issue it in different languages as rapidly as the translations can be made. This manuscript is the result of four years of study and practical experiment, not *en chambre*, but in the open air. It is voluminous, for in it I have summed up all the scientific principles and the historic facts of aerial navigation, from the invention of the first balloon, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, to the present time.

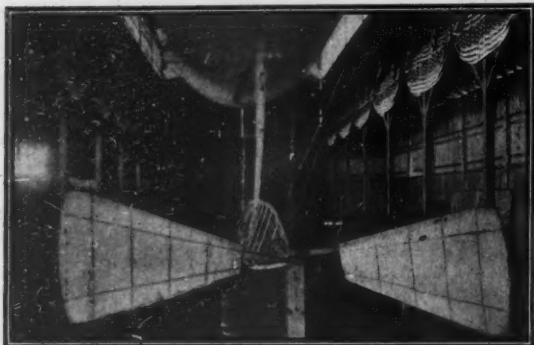
It is my purpose now to give this book to the world in the form of a treatise. In its pages the reader will find a complete story of why and how I adopted the profession of the aeronaut as my life work. My ambition is to interest every one in the science of aeronautics, to the end that every one in time will count flying in the air as an excellent sport or as a pleasant means of travel, just as now they are devoted to automobiling or bicycling or yachting.

My desire is to create a universal movement in favor of aeronautics. If I cannot accomplish this by example, that is, by building airships and in making voyages therein; if, despite my expectations, I cannot induce others to build airships and sail in competition with me, I can at least devote my time and resources to exhibiting my airships in the large cities of the earth, hoping thereby to popularize the idea of aerial navigation. Months ago there were completed and are now in existence, to my certain knowledge, at least twelve petroleum balloons, some of them the property of men of great wealth to whom the cost of aerial experiments would form no appreciable drain upon their purses. By all the means in my power I tried to induce the owners of these balloons to enter the competition for the Grand Prix de Paris. I still hope that some of these gentlemen will enter the competitions next summer at St. Louis and elsewhere; for I am sure it is understood that an aeronaut finds nothing less exciting than to be in the air alone during an exhibition.

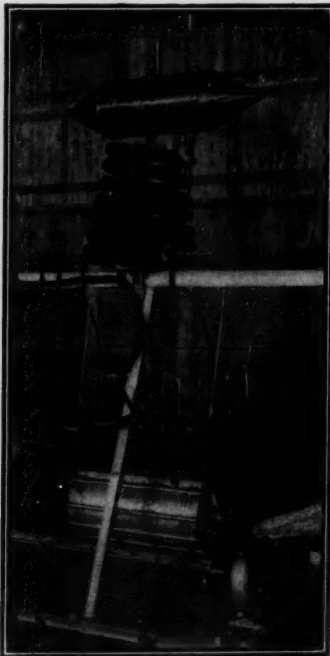
I am sure that continued contests, month after month, will attract a number of competitors, and hence it is that I urge that aerial contests be organized in the United States, as they have been in Europe. It is with this object in view that I shall surely be one of the competitors at the aerial contest at the St. Louis World's Fair.



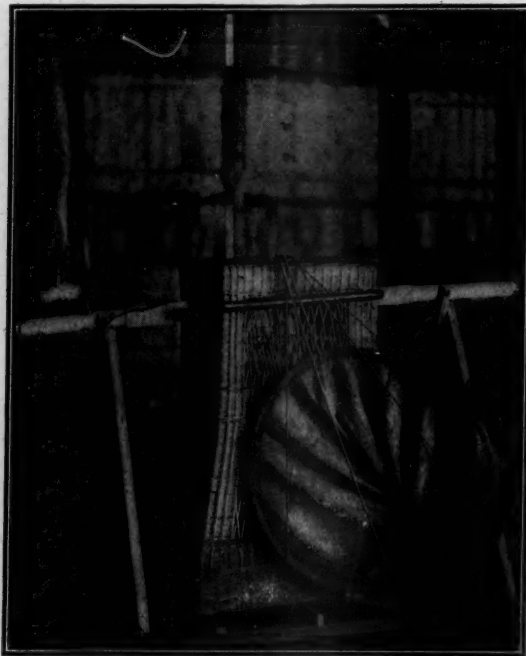
Santos-Dumont in the Car of his Airship No. 6



The Screw of the Dumont Airship



The Motor



The Passenger Car and the Air-Drum

The Pope on the Balcony overlooking the Court of the Belvedere at the Vatican, Rome, blessing the Multitude assembled below



THE SILVER JUBILEE OF POPE LEO XIII.

By MONSIGNOR BERNARD O'REILLY, Author of "The Life of Leo XIII.," Etc.

(SEE DOUBLE PAGE)

ALTHOUGH the name Silver Jubilee marks, in most countries, the twenty-fifth year of a reign or a marriage, the term is not, to my knowledge, used in Italy, certainly not in Rome. It is usually the twenty-fourth year that is given this distinction in Rome; hence the present year has been celebrated at Rome as the reigning Pope's jubilee, marking as it does the twenty-fourth year since February, 1878, when Leo XIII. succeeded Pius IX. the Beloved.

I remember well the last days of February, 1878, when I was obliged to finish with all possible despatch the last chapters of "The Life of Pius IX." This work was gratefully received by the Catholic public, as well as by our non-Catholic neighbors, and I recall that from those who perused my work I received a great number of letters asking who would be the next Pope and what would be his policy? These questions were soon answered by the elevation of the man who was given the title of Leo XIII., and by the indications which he at once gave of a policy that involved action along the wisest and broadest lines touching all great questions. Through all his reign the Pope has adhered to this policy, so that now, to his great credit, it can be recorded that there is no popular or needy cause that he has not pleaded, no good measure the merits of which he has not set forth with a rare eloquence, no general wrong that he has not righted or attempted to right.

As for the policy that has been pursued by Leo XIII., there is room in this brief paper to state only one or two general facts. Never since the days of the first Leo and his contemporaries,

Attila, has one who has filled the chair of St. Peter had before him such dark and seemingly hopeless days for the Christian world as those which confronted Leo XIII. when he entered the Vatican as the Supreme Pontiff. Leo I., called the Great, who reigned from 440 to 461, was the one who, when Attila and his Huns were preparing to march on Rome, did not arm his terrified Romans, but simply sallied forth at the head of a few of his priests, all looking only to God for help. The help came whence expected, evidently; for Attila himself affirmed that, as in a vision, he saw SS. Peter and Paul unsheath their heavenly armor, threatening and driving back the invaders.

But worse, and far more difficult to defeat, than the Huns and their Attila, have been the enemies of Christian faith and its institutions which Leo XIII. has had to meet and has tried to conquer. Some of these enemies are banded together in secret societies and are conducting a deplorable campaign in every country in Christendom. Leo XIII. is fighting these enemies, at the head of his priests, just as the first Leo met the Huns, looking to God for help.

Because of my connection with the Vatican in a literary sense, and because of my acquaintance with Leo XIII., it is natural that I should wish to lay particular stress upon the Pope's merits as a man of letters. Indeed, all men who read, study and recommend to those around them the magnificent Encyclicals of the present Pope know that in praising his work, and making them known to their contemporaries, they are helping to forward a great cause and the best interests of

Christian peoples. For myself, I believe Leo XIII. to be the greatest and most eloquent Apostle of modern times.

The lovers of classic literature, either in prose or poetry, find in his writings the most exquisite models. The literary achievements of the Pontiff may be considered among the least of his merits, and yet men of our own generation will not pass by the products of his pen without warm expressions of admiration. Even in the universities of England and Germany, where the old-fashioned forms of Rome and Greece are so much cultivated, Leo XIII. has most ardent admirers. Being by birth a Roman among the Romans, he has entertained a lifelong affection for the Latin language in its most poetic forms. This has been the Pontiff's chosen instrument in teaching his widespread flock, embracing the priesthood in all the nations of both hemispheres. At the same time he has not neglected the exquisite forms of the old Greek classics. Since his elevation to the chair of Peter, indeed, he has made it a rule to introduce into the Roman schools under his control the foremost Greek scholars, together with the most renowned Latinists.

Hence it is not only in classic Latin prose that Leo XIII. excels all his contemporaries; for we have also to speak of him as an accomplished Latin poet. In his shorter poems may be found the sparkling wit of Horace, while in his longer and favorite pieces there is all the easy and varied graces of Virgil. It is a fact that poetic inspiration haunts the hard-working Pope night and day. He encourages his favorite

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 28)

EMPEROR WILLIAM AND THE TEUTONIC ORDER

The Castle of Marienburg



The German Empress taking Part in the Ancient Rites Ceremonies

The Emperor in the Regalia of the "Knights of St. John"

In the presence of Emperor William of Germany and the Empress, surrounded by diplomats, royalty, German notabilities and foreign Ambassadors, a notable ceremony occurred at Marienburg on June 5 last—a ceremony significant to the vast population of Germans in the United States. The Castle of Marienburg, ancient seat of the Grand Masters of the Teutonic Order, was officially "restored." The ceremony took the form of a picturesque spectacle. At the gateway of the castle stood His Majesty, while past him filed the knights and the members of similar deputations. All who participated in the brilliant spectacle wore the old-time costumes of the Order of the Knights of St. John. Church bells chimed and a choir of men's voices offered songs of thanksgiving. The Emperor in his speech at the banquet denounced "Polish arrogance." For this he has been warned that violence may be offered at the autumn manoeuvres at Posen, at which exercises he has announced his unalterable intention to be present.



The Man who was Dead

by Elliott Flower

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN HEYER

CYRUS WILSER created a great deal of trouble when he returned home, for he was dead. He had died in South Africa. There could be no doubt about it, for the necessary proof had been made in court and his estate had been administered. He had died fighting for and with the Boers. His body had been found by two newspaper correspondents, identified by certain papers and other articles he was known to have with him, and properly buried. All this had been set forth in legal form, regularly attested, and the learned judge had decreed him dead, much to the satisfaction of his surviving relatives, with whom he never had been popular. In life, Wilser had been a bachelor and rich; in death, he was a bachelor and poor. A brother and a sister were the next of kin, and he had quarrelled with both. They were married and not in affluent circumstances, previous to his death; he was single and had money to waste, but he wasted very little of it on them. In life, he was an adventurous man, who travelled a great deal and enjoyed all kinds of sports; in death, he seemed to be much changed. After a man has died once he is inclined to be a little careful about courting death again.

So Cyrus Wilser, dead, came back prepared to settle down to a quiet, humdrum life that had been most distasteful to him previously. He gave no warning; there was no spirit

fact, it occurred to him then that he had been grasping, selfish and mean, devoted wholly to the gratification of his own desires, and he had come back prepared to make amends. But neither William nor his wife knew this. In view of the past, their first thought on seeing him was that he not only would demand the immediate transfer of the estate but would actually charge them up with the money already expended from it. So they very much preferred not to see him resuscitated. After a taste of luxurious living it would be exceptionally hard to have to go back to the old life.

"As a matter of fact," said Cyrus, after a few minutes of deep thought, "I might have some difficulty in establishing my identity, but I think it could be done. Before taking any action, however, perhaps it would be well to have a family consultation. Can you not send for Sister Emily?"

William readily accepted this suggestion, and a note was despatched to Sister Emily, apprising her of the situation, and requesting the presence of herself and her husband. It is only fair to her to say, in this connection, that her first emotion was of pleasure at the safe return of her brother. Not so with Cornelius Crittenden, her husband, however. He saw the practical side of the affair immediately.

"Good Lord!" he cried, "we'll have to move back into that five-room flat!"

Mrs. Crittenden looked startled. "And Alice will have to be taken out of dancing-school," he added, referring to their only daughter.

Mrs. Crittenden looked worried. "You know how hard and cold and close he is in money matters," he went on.

"He certainly is unsympathetic," admitted Mrs. Crittenden mournfully.

"He will insist upon having everything at once, and what will we do about the bills coming in the first of the month? And the new gown that you ordered last week?"

Mrs. Crittenden looked solemn and sighed. Still, she tried to be cheerful when she greeted Cyrus.

"I'm so glad that you're alive," she said, "but—but—"

"But he isn't alive," William hastily interjected. "He's dead. Didn't you hear the judge refer to him as the deceased? You can't dispute what a judge says from the bench."

"Of course not," broke in Cornelius Crittenden, quickly grasping the situation. "It would be contempt of court."

"Hang it all!" cried Cyrus, finally losing his temper, "this foolishness has gone far enough. I came back here prepared to do the right thing by you all and atone for past—"

"Think of receiving gratuities from the grave!" interrupted Mrs. Wilser with a shudder.

"It certainly does seem preposterous, Cyrus, that we should be dependent upon the whims of a—deceased relative," added Mrs. Crittenden, for in truth none of the party placed much reliance on his protestations of intended generosity.

"But I'm not dead, I tell you!" thundered Cyrus fiercely.

"S-a-sh!" cautioned William. "If any one should hear you and tell the judge you'd be fined for contempt of court. Now just be reasonable, Cyrus, and let's talk the matter over. We want to do what's fair, but you're dead and the only safe thing is for you to stay dead. The judge who killed you is a most irascible man, and I wouldn't answer for the consequences if you trifled with his dignity. You wouldn't like to call that kind of a man, holding that kind of a position, a liar, would you?"

"No-o," answered Cyrus doubtfully.

"Well, he says you're dead," William went on. "He didn't say it in an offhand way in general conversation, either; he said it from the bench after mature reflection. It was an official utterance, and do you think you can make an official liar out of him without suffering for it? Cyrus, your reason ought to tell you that you've got to stay dead. We'll look after you and see that you don't suffer, but you really must stay dead. You have no legal existence. So far as the law is concerned you can't do anything, good, bad or indifferent. You are an irresponsible nonentity without standing in court."

Cyrus began to pace the room, while the others watched him anxiously. At first he looked merely troubled, then savage, then amused. At length he smiled, and soon the smile became a chuckle.

"It's funny, when you come to think of it," he remarked.

Glad to see him becoming tractable, they all hastened to assert that it was exceedingly humorous, and they hoped he would not spoil the joke.

"A dead man can't be blamed for anything that happens after his death, can he?" he asked.

"Certainly not," answered William.

"No responsibility attaches to him whatever?"

"None."

"He can't be sued or arrested or bothered in any way?"

"Of course not."

Cyrus broke out into a hearty laugh.

"That's funny," he said; "it's absurdly funny; it's an idea that appeals to me strongly. I never heard of such a ridiculous condition of affairs, and I'd like to experiment with it. William, if I stay dead, will my surviving relatives see that my last resting-place is properly kept up?"

"Indeed we will," they all stoutly asserted.

"In that case," said Cyrus, "you may get me a nice five-room mausoleum, with the necessary accompaniment of furniture and servants to make me comfortable, and I will show you how a dead man may enjoy life." He chuckled again and added, "Just wait and you'll all wish you were dead, too."

Overjoyed at this happy termination of an affair that had promised to be very troublesome, Mr. and Mrs. Wilser and Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden joyfully and earnestly assured Cyrus that they would see that he was provided with every comfort. They told him that, as a bachelor, he could have no particular use for a large capital so long as he had an income that was sufficient to supply his wants.

"Now you just make up your mind what you think you ought to have, Cyrus," said William, "and if it is at all reasonable we will have an agreement drawn up in legal form that we can all sign, and the matter will be settled."

"What's the use?" asked Cyrus. "You can't make a contract with a dead man, can you?"

"No-o, perhaps not," returned William thoughtfully. "It merely occurred to me that it might be more satisfactory to you to have it all down in black and white so that you would feel that you were not dependent in any way upon our whims."

"Cyrus is right," put in Cornelius at this point. "In the position in which he finds himself he couldn't enforce an agreement if he had one. Let him decide the amount of the monthly allowance that he needs, and we will put it in the bank to his credit on the first day of each month."

"But a dead man can't do a banking business," protested Cyrus. "That is preposterous!"

"Then, in Heaven's name what do you want?" demanded William. "How are you going to arrange it? We'll establish a line of credit for you, if you wish."

"Not in my name," said Cyrus. "I'm a nonentity, a spectre—that's it, a spectre—and a spectre can't incur financial obligations, you know. Everything must be done in the name of one or the other of you two. You must tell the tradesmen that whatever I order must be charged to your account."

So Cyrus was established in a nice five-room flat on this basis, and he instantly became a source of wonder and comment to the entire neighborhood. When it came to putting a name on the letter-box directly under the electric-bell button, William suggested several, but Cyrus shook his head.

"Let's be honest," he said. "I don't like to go under an assumed name, and of course, being dead, I am no longer entitled to my own name."

One naturally leaves that behind him when he dies. Suppose we just put "The Spectre" on that plate."

William argued, but Cyrus was firm, and "The Spectre" was the name that astonished inquisitive neighbors when they undertook to find out who had moved in. Then on the door of his flat he put a plate inscribed "The Mausoleum," which still further puzzled them. And when he went with William to call on the tradesmen, with whom he would have dealings, he created more comment.

"Whatever my friend orders," said William, "is to be charged on my account."

"Ah, yes," said the butcher. "And his name? We must know that in order to deliver the goods."

"The Spectre," put in Cyrus promptly. "Everything that I order is to be delivered to The Spectre at The Mausoleum."

William looked troubled, but he nodded assent and gave the street and flat numbers.

The two servants engaged—for Cyrus insisted upon having two, although William and Cornelius tried to convince him that one was enough for a five-room flat—came very near



"You're living some better than you were"

rapping or mysteriously written message to announce his coming. He simply walked into his brother's house one evening and said, "Hullo, William!"

William Wilser nearly upset his chair, while Mrs. Wilser screamed and fainted. When she was revived she covered her face with her hands and cried, "The dead! the dead come back!"

"Sure," said Cyrus pleasantly. "Aren't you going to shake hands with me?"

Like a man in a dream William extended his hand, and then Mrs. Wilser did the same, but there was nothing to indicate that either of them was overjoyed.

"You're living some better than you were when I went away," remarked Cyrus, as he surveyed the handsomely furnished room.

"Yes," admitted William reluctantly. "We're a little more comfortable than we were."

"My money, I suppose?" suggested William.

"It was your money," answered William.

Cyrus looked at him sharply, but William had recovered his presence of mind, and with it his customary resourcefulness.

"It was my money!" repeated Cyrus. "Isn't it mine now?"

"There is no pocket in a shroud," asserted William sententiously.

"But I am not wearing a shroud," protested Cyrus, with a hasty glance at his clothes to make sure that he spoke the truth. "I am not dead."

"You will have a hard time making the court believe that," said William coldly. "You were found dead, and you were buried. The proof is on file."

"Yes," put in Mrs. Wilser, seeing a ray of hope in the position assumed by her husband, "you certainly are dead. We can prove it to you. You wouldn't dare set up your individual opinion in opposition to the thoughtful decision of the court, would you? How absurd it would be to deny the evidence that has convinced a judge!"

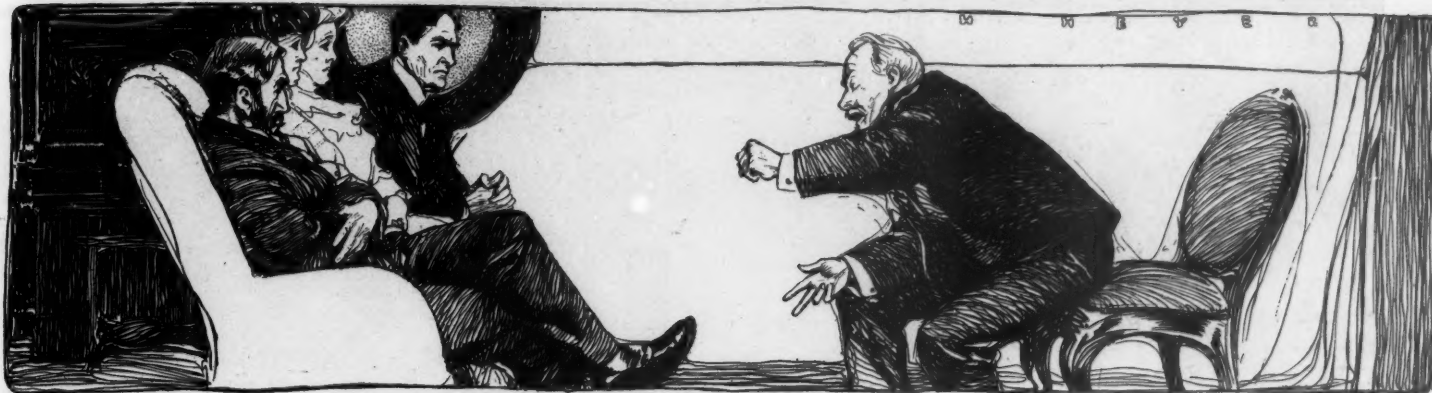
"It was another man—he had some of my things," explained Cyrus.

"Can you produce this other man?" demanded William.

Cyrus looked surprised. His demise naturally had been followed by a period in purgatory—a term that he thought fitly described a British prison-camp—and there he had leisure for thought. In this leisure he had reviewed his previous life, and had decided that he had not been as generous with his brother and sister as he should have been. In



"We'll have to move back into that five-room flat!"



"But I'm not dead, I tell you!"

leaving the first day, and with reason, too. Cyrus called them into his little parlor and addressed them solemnly as follows:

"I have no doubt that you and others are anxious to know my name, and we might as well have that matter settled now. I haven't any name. I am an irresponsible nonentity. I am a spectre, and spectres don't have names. I don't exist. You think you see me, but you don't, for I am dead, and I can prove it to you. Do you want me to do it?"

The two servants, with white faces and staring eyes, promptly asserted that they did not.

"Very well, then," he went on, "we will consider that settled. I am a spectre and nothing else. If any one calls to see The Spectre show him in, but remember that no one else lives here. You will be well paid for your services and will be well treated, but if you have any objection to working for a spectre you might as well move out. Do you want to go?"

"N-n-no, Mr. Spectre," they faltered, being afraid to say anything else.

"Mr. Spectre!" he exclaimed sharply. "Don't address me that way! 'Mister' is a worldly title, and I am dead, I tell

you. Just call me The Spectre—nothing else—only The Spectre, and just remember that this is The Mausoleum, but I promise you'll find it so pleasant and cheerful that you won't fear death in the future. Now you may go."

They retired with chattering teeth, and at first were inclined to make their escape immediately, especially as they heard him laughing boisterously; but they finally decided to stick it out one day. They found him so considerate and gentle and pleasant during that day that their fears vanished sufficiently to induce them to try it for a week, and at the end of a week, although still mystified, they were quite contented. Their hardest task was to learn to call him simply "The Spectre," but in a few days they mastered that.

Meanwhile Cyrus was enjoying himself hugely. The amount of respectful attention that he received certainly was flattering, and the whispered comments and the awe he inspired frequently sent him to his flat to indulge in laughter unseen.

William afforded him a good deal of amusement, too, for William thought the cost of maintaining a deceased brother altogether too great. For instance, he objected to establishing a stable for The Spectre.

"But, my dear fellow," urged Cyrus, "it is unreasonable to expect the dead to walk. The dead always ride. No matter how much a man may walk in life, when he dies he rides. I really must have some horses. And you must take me to a tailor, too, William. I need some up-to-date shrouds."

William tried to put in a stop order with the horse and carriage, but Cyrus would not permit it.

"How foolish!" he said. "You can't put worldly limitations on a spectre. I'm quite beyond that."

The bill that came in simply appalled William. It was for something over twelve thousand dollars. And what was worse, the fame of The Spectre spread rapidly, and soon he needed no introduction in order to establish his right to order goods in unlimited quantities. Every one knew him and every one knew that any indebtedness he incurred in the name of either William Wilser or Cornelius Crittenden would be promptly liquidated. All he had to do was to walk into a store and say, "I am The Spectre," and anything he wanted was his. Indeed, he seldom had to say that; for the moment he appeared in most of the establishments word would be passed from clerk to clerk, "There's The Spectre," and there would be a rush to wait on him, in which the proprietor not infrequently took part. As a customer, he was second to none. He bought in large quantities, and the question of price never troubled him. He brought four poorly clad boys to a clothing store one day and equipped them with suits and overcoats. It was a shame, he said, that boys should have to

go to school in such clothes as they were. Then he heard of a woman who was greatly distressed because a daughter of considerable promise in a musical way could not take music lessons.

"I'm The Spectre," he said, as he appeared at her door shortly afterward.

"Good Lord!" cried the woman, startled.

"Good Spectre!" he corrected. "I understand your daughter has some musical talent."

"We think so, sir," faltered the woman.

"Don't say 'sir'; say 'Spectre,'" he commanded.

"We think so, Spectre," she repeated.

"That's better," he said. "You never heard of a spectre who was a 'sir,' did you? Of course not. Well, you get the best music teacher you can find and tell him to send the bill to William Wilser. Say that The Spectre ordered it."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried the delighted and astonished woman; "but—there is no piano."

"I'll have one sent up," said Cyrus, as he turned away.

His thoughts being turned to pianos, he gave three to as many different people who had daughters to be educated; and then he bought an automobile. This was the last straw, and William called another family consultation.

"The bills that are coming in," he said to Cyrus, "are simply outrageous, and the thing must be stopped."

Cyrus smiled pleasantly, but made no comment.

"You seem to think that you are delegated to supply the needs of all the poor and shiftless people in the city," William went on excitedly. "Why, I have just received a clothing bill for four hundred and eighty-six dollars over and above what you bought for your personal use. Do you think I am going to pay it?"

"Certainly, William," Cyrus meekly answered.

"Well, I'm not," asserted William.

"That's right," put in Cornelius. "We've got to draw the line somewhere, and we might as well begin right now."

"Don't pay a cent except for his personal needs," added Mrs. Wilser. "He has no right to throw our money away in that fashion."

"But, William," softly expostulated Cyrus, "remember that you introduced me to the clothier and told him you would pay for whatever I ordered. He will sue you, William, and, if a deceased brother may be permitted to express an opinion on mundane matters, it looks as if he would have a good case."

William flushed angrily, for he saw that he was cornered.

"At any rate I never introduced you to the man who sold you the automobile," he said at last, "and I won't pay for that."

"Nor will I," announced Cornelius.

"It would be absurd to expect it," asserted the two women.

"What will happen then?" demanded William pointedly.

"He will probably try to sue me, William," answered Cyrus in the same gentle, conciliating tone.

"Try to sue you," repeated William. "He'll prosecute you for obtaining goods by false pretences."

"Very likely," admitted Cyrus; "but does it not occur to you, William, and to you, Cornelius, that he will have to resuscitate me first? Do you not see how ridiculous it is to talk of prosecuting and imprisoning a late lamented? He will have to establish my existence, he will have to bring me to life, and if he does that I will pay his bill, for the money will then be mine. Really, it is a funny situation," he continued after a moment of quiet chuckling, "but, do you know, I'd rather stay dead—I would for a fact. The conditions suit me exactly. I shall not return to this world of yours unless life is forced upon me by some such absurd action as you seem to contemplate."

William looked at Cornelius blankly, Cornelius looked at William, and their wives looked alternately from one to the other.

"I guess we shall have to pay the bills," sighed William.

"But we can put a limit on his future credit," suggested Cornelius.

"Yes; we can do that," said William, brightening; "of course we can do it. We can refuse to be responsible beyond a certain sum."

"If I am not permitted to buy what I want," remarked Cyrus, "I will steal it, and if I steal they will want to punish me, and before they can punish me they will have to resuscitate me."

Again there was a pause, during which four of the five looked greatly troubled. Then William pleadingly asked Cyrus if he wouldn't be reasonable. Cyrus took the matter under consideration for a few minutes before replying.

"You see," he explained finally, "my nature has entirely changed since I died. I have become generous, and I find it difficult to curb my generous impulses, especially when I have free rein with a fortune not my own. Possibly, if the money were mine, I would be more careful. Still, I can't be sure, for when I returned from South Africa, foolishly thinking I was alive, I fully intended to make a generous settlement on my brother and my sister as a partial atonement

for my penuriousness in the past so far as they were concerned."

"Is that really true, Cyrus?" interrupted Emily.

"The Spectre," corrected Cyrus.

Emily bit her lip and repeated the question in form to suit him.

"It is true," he replied, "and perhaps I should have been more careful of the part that I retained. I'm not positive, but I think this would have satisfied my desire to give—at least to a very large extent. There would have been a feeling of responsibility that—"

"Then take back the money!" Emily broke in impulsively.

"Take it back and follow out your original plan."

"No," said Cyrus firmly, "I am happier without the money. Keep it."

"But you won't let us keep it," argued William. "With your bills and your charities you're going through the fortune like a spendthrift."

"It is quite immaterial," returned Cyrus; "it isn't mine."

"Then make it yours," urged William.

"Please make it yours," pleaded Emily.

"As a favor to us," added Cornelius.

"We'll be eternally indebted to you," said Mrs. Wilser earnestly.

"I don't like to be disobliging," returned Cyrus, "but I really don't want it. It is such a burden, and you don't know how delightful it is to be dead. I never enjoyed myself so much before."

"But it's killing us," insisted Emily.

"Happy state," commented Cyrus. "If you don't believe it just look at me. I wouldn't live again for anything."

"Now, see here, you hard-hearted old spectre," put in William with determination, "you've got to take that money back and carry out your original intention. If you don't, and keep on at the present rate, you'll die in the poorhouse."

"I can't; I'm dead already," asserted Cyrus.

"If you refuse," continued William, "I'll decline to pay this automobile bill and then you'll be resuscitated, whether you like it or not."

"That would be cruel, William."

"Well, I'll do it, anyway."

"Can't you let a man stay dead, if he wants to?" asked Cyrus pathetically.

"Perhaps I can, but I won't," said William. "You'll be a live man in less than a week, and you might as well make up your mind to it."

Cyrus looked from one to another appealingly, but he saw no sympathy in any face. They were determined that he should live.

"I suppose I'll have to agree," he sighed, "but it seems to me like sacrilege for you to rob the grave in this cold-blooded way. At any rate, if I consent to live, you ought to permit me to make some stipulations."

"What are they?" all anxiously inquired.

"Well," he returned thoughtfully, "I think you ought to agree to let me give William and Emily five hundred thousand



Cyrus . . . addressed them solemnly

you. Just call me The Spectre—nothing else—only The Spectre, and just remember that this is The Mausoleum, but I promise you'll find it so pleasant and cheerful that you won't fear death in the future. Now you may go."

They retired with chattering teeth, and at first were inclined to make their escape immediately, especially as they heard him laughing boisterously; but they finally decided to stick it out one day. They found him so considerate and gentle and pleasant during that day that their fears vanished sufficiently to induce them to try it for a week, and at the end of a week, although still mystified, they were quite contented. Their hardest task was to learn to call him simply "The Spectre," but in a few days they mastered that.

Meanwhile Cyrus was enjoying himself hugely. The amount of respectful attention that he received certainly was flattering, and the whispered comments and the awe he inspired frequently sent him to his flat to indulge in laughter unseen.

William afforded him a good deal of amusement, too, for William thought the cost of maintaining a deceased brother altogether too great. For instance, he objected to establishing a stable for The Spectre.

"But, my dear fellow," urged Cyrus, "it is unreasonable to expect the dead to walk. The dead always ride. No matter how much a man may walk in life, when he dies he rides. I really must have some horses. And you must take me to a tailor, too, William. I need some up-to-date shrouds."

William tried to put in a stop order with the horse and carriage, but Cyrus would not permit it.

"How foolish!" he said. "You can't put worldly limitations on a spectre. I'm quite beyond that."

The bill that came in simply appalled William. It was for something over twelve thousand dollars. And what was worse, the fame of The Spectre spread rapidly, and soon he needed no introduction in order to establish his right to order goods in unlimited quantities. Every one knew him and every one knew that any indebtedness he incurred in the name of either William Wilser or Cornelius Crittenden would be promptly liquidated. All he had to do was to walk into a store and say, "I am The Spectre," and anything he wanted was his. Indeed, he seldom had to say that; for the moment he appeared in most of the establishments word would be passed from clerk to clerk, "There's The Spectre," and there would be a rush to wait on him, in which the proprietor not infrequently took part. As a customer, he was second to none. He bought in large quantities, and the question of price never troubled him. He brought four poorly clad boys to a clothing store one day and equipped them with suits and overcoats. It was a shame, he said, that boys should have to

go to school in such clothes as they were. Then he heard of a woman who was greatly distressed because a daughter of considerable promise in a musical way could not take music lessons.

"I'm The Spectre," he said, as he appeared at her door shortly afterward.

"Good Lord!" cried the woman, startled.

"Good Spectre!" he corrected. "I understand your daughter has some musical talent."

"We think so, sir," faltered the woman.

"Don't say 'sir'; say 'Spectre,'" he commanded.

"We think so, Spectre," she repeated.

"That's better," he said. "You never heard of a spectre who was a 'sir,' did you? Of course not. Well, you get the best music teacher you can find and tell him to send the bill to William Wilser. Say that The Spectre ordered it."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried the delighted and astonished woman; "but—there is no piano."

"I'll have one sent up," said Cyrus, as he turned away.

His thoughts being turned to pianos, he gave three to as many different people who had daughters to be educated; and then he bought an automobile. This was the last straw, and William called another family consultation.

"The bills that are coming in," he said to Cyrus, "are simply outrageous, and the thing must be stopped."

Cyrus smiled pleasantly, but made no comment.

"You seem to think that you are delegated to supply the needs of all the poor and shiftless people in the city," William went on excitedly. "Why, I have just received a clothing bill for four hundred and eighty-six dollars over and above what you bought for your personal use. Do you think I am going to pay it?"

"Certainly, William," Cyrus meekly answered.

"Well, I'm not," asserted William.

"That's right," put in Cornelius. "We've got to draw the line somewhere, and we might as well begin right now."

"Don't pay a cent except for his personal needs," added Mrs. Wilser. "He has no right to throw our money away in that fashion."

"But, William," softly expostulated Cyrus, "remember that you introduced me to the clothier and told him you would pay for whatever I ordered. He will sue you, William, and, if a deceased brother may be permitted to express an opinion on mundane matters, it looks as if he would have a good case."

William flushed angrily, for he saw that he was cornered.

"At any rate I never introduced you to the man who sold you the automobile," he said at last, "and I won't pay for that."

"Nor will I," announced Cornelius.

"It would be absurd to expect it," asserted the two women.

"What will happen then?" demanded William pointedly.

"He will probably try to sue me, William," answered Cyrus in the same gentle, conciliating tone.

"Try to sue you," repeated William. "He'll prosecute you for obtaining goods by false pretences."

"Very likely," admitted Cyrus; "but does it not occur to you, William, and to you, Cornelius, that he will have to resuscitate me first? Do you not see how ridiculous it is to talk of prosecuting and imprisoning a late lamented? He will have to establish my existence, he will have to bring me to life, and if he does that I will pay his bill, for the money will then be mine. Really, it is a funny situation," he continued after a moment of quiet chuckling, "but, do you know, I'd rather stay dead—I would for a fact. The conditions suit me exactly. I shall not return to this world of yours unless life is forced upon me by some such absurd action as you seem to contemplate."

William looked at Cornelius blankly, Cornelius looked at William, and their wives looked alternately from one to the other.

"I guess we shall have to pay the bills," sighed William.

"But we can put a limit on his future credit," suggested Cornelius.

"Yes; we can do that," said William, brightening; "of course we can do it. We can refuse to be responsible beyond a certain sum."

"If I am not permitted to buy what I want," remarked Cyrus, "I will steal it, and if I steal they will want to punish me, and before they can punish me they will have to resuscitate me."



He brought four poorly clad boys to a clothing store

dollars each for the care they have taken of my fortune while I was dead. You shouldn't compel me to keep it all, you know—it is such a burden."

"Agreed!" they cried.

"And the rest is to be mine until I die again?"

"All yours."

"In that case," announced Cyrus, "you may inject the elixir of life into me whenever you are ready."

THE END

Photographed expressly for Collier's Weekly by Charles Abeniacar, Rome



THE POPE GIVING HIS BLESSING AT THE VATICAN

The Committee for the Jubilee Fête of Leo XIII., commemorating the twenty-fourth anniversary of his coronation, gave a banquet to "The Pope's Poor" in the rooms opening into the grand court of the Belvedere, on July 6. Although the hour fixed for the dinner was one o'clock, long before noon there was already an immense crowd of poor people gathered at the main entrance, mostly old men who were trying to get in first to avoid the press. The Swiss Guard finally got all the guests safely in by squads. The large rectangular room with the white walls, on one of which hung a portrait of the Pope, was filled with long tables divided according to wards or precincts, the emblem of each ward or precinct being erected on each table. In a few minutes all the seats were occupied. Cardinal Respighi, vicar to the Pope, having blessed the tables, the dinner was served by the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, the cooks of the Hospital Santa Maria. Many of the poor people had brought with them pails in which they carried away food for their relatives. Toward three o'clock the guests were conducted into the great





TICAN AFTER THE JUBILEE FÊTE DINNER, JULY 6

court to receive the papal benediction. As the afternoon wore on, thousands were assembled, including members of the Roman nobility, the Cardinals and Diplomatic Corps, and the Catholic societies. At five o'clock the Pope, accompanied by his privy staff, the Noble Guard, and by Counts Chiassi and Macchi, and followed by the fifteen standard bearers of Rome, was carried out of his apartment in a sedan chair, passing through the museum, where the guard was drawn up. His Holiness then went out on the balcony overlooking the court, where he was received with manifestations of delight and the waving of handkerchiefs. The pontifical hymn was played, and after that the Morconi chorus was sung. Then the Pope gave his blessing. At the termination of the ceremonies a great cloud of carrier pigeons, which had been brought to Rome from many cities, towns and villages throughout the country, were set free and flew away to convey the news to all Italy. The vast concourse again gave evidence of their love and veneration, and finally, after long and vociferous acclamation, withdrew to their homes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, EXPRESSLY POSED FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY

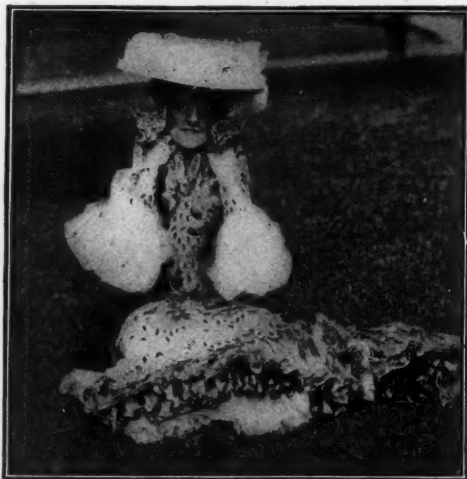


A PRIMA DONNA AND HER SUMMER HOME

By ADELE RITCHIE

FOR THE MASS of the inhabitants of stageland, summer means a season of haggling over engagements, preparing for new productions, studying new parts in a seven-by-ten metropolitan "apartment" and rehearsing seven days a week in a stifling Broadway playhouse. Compared with this summer life of players in the "legitimate," the lot of a roof-garden song-and-dance artiste is to be envied. We all long for an American Oberammergau, where one might speak or sing her lines in the open air. For myself, the present summer means an acre of ground, a cottage all balconies and awnings and vines, a stable with three or four horses, a hammock and iced tea, and a novel by Jerome or Le Gallienne or Richard Harding Davis, or a freak literary production by Mary MacLane; not to speak of feathered songsters in the trees, the blue sky and plenty of it, the beauties of Elizabeth's garden, the recreations of Diana and the seclusion of an Adamless Eden. Also, six nocturnal trips weekly to the city, to the Casino, for an impersonation of Mrs. Pineapple in "A Chinese Honeymoon."

As my day's work is at night, from eight to eleven, why swelter and fume within the confines of a Carnegie Hall apartment? Why not live where the world is green, where there is an orchestra in the trees to lull one to sleep, where there is the blessed quietness that soothes one who is all nerves? Forthwith I began to search for such a retreat. I thought of Lillian Russell at Far Rockaway, and of others from stageland on Long Island—but I did not like the idea of crossing the Thirty-fourth Street Ferry every night. I thought of May Irwin at the Thousand Islands, of Blanche Walsh in the Adirondacks, of Mrs. Leslie Carter in Italy, or her place at Bar Harbor—all these were too far away. I



Thames at Maidenhead, with Mrs. James Brown Potter for next-door neighbor and a host of friends in houseboats anchored at the foot of my lawn. But no, I was bound to be near New York, faithful to my stage task even in the dog days.

As I would not cross ferries to Long Island or to Jersey, I must go up the Hudson or along the Sound. The Hudson is hot and stately; it makes me long for the simpler beauties and the cooler region of the villa-lined Thames. I know there is a colony of stage folks at Ludlow-on-the-Hudson, where Jeff de Angelis has his bungalow. But I did not want to pitch my tent among my kinsmen of stageland. I wanted to be by myself, in some place where I could be individual, a woman, a Bo-Peep or a Little Buttercup, if you please, instead of living where I would be classed as an actress and forced to talk shop the livelong day. The Hudson eliminated, I turned to the Sound. I played with Francis Wilson in "The Toreador" last year, and I recalled the fact that he lived in New Rochelle. Augustus Thomas, playwright, also has a place there. Here is the nucleus for an actors' colony. It would not do for me. So, looking for a nest to buy, I went to Larchmont, to Harrison, Rye, Portchester, Greenwich, Stamford, but did not find my ideal of a country seat until I came back to the place just east of Larchmont which the Indians long ago name Mamaroneck. Here I found the acre of ground and the cottage with its Juliet balconies before named. This paradise I purchased, with its well of crystal champagne, its lawns and its kitchen garden; and here I brought my horses, my Java sparrows, my canaries and my goldfish. The neighbors—natives—presented me with kittens, squirrels, guinea-pigs, turkeys and peacocks—and now I think of calling the place "The Ark." So here I play the part of Mrs. Noah—which reminds me of the Deluge, my own particular deluge, in which I enacted a melodramatic part. Here is a synopsis of the plot:

Act I. The heroine one day forsakes her cottage and her ever-solicitous colored maid and goes forth through the lanes of Westchester in search of adventure. One lane has no turn-

ing, but dips right into the waters of Long Island Sound. Just where the lane dips, lies a boat with idle oars. Now this heroine had learned to use oars on the Thames, where everybody rows. She promptly steps into the boat and southward toward the Long Island shore she pulls and pulls until she notices that something is wrong. While rowing southward, she has made the most headway westward toward New York. The tide—what avails her pygmy stroke against that current! Worse, clouds have obscured the sun, the world has grown almost dark; raindrops patter on the boat, on the heroine's lovely white sun-hat, and trickle through her filmy shirt-waist. Lightning and thunder add terrors to the storm. The heroine tries to pull for the shore, but the tide still carries her mercilessly toward New York. She has even passed Larchmont, where, in front of the yacht club house, float myriad craft with not a soul aboard. Now there is wind, too, and whitecaps on the water. The Sound has become a miniature Atlantic, the rain a torrent. The heroine, drenched, miserable, has lost her oars and finds herself adrift in a deluge in a stolen skiff. The boat is shipping water in great gulps—nor pail nor sponge to bail with. She is doomed. The boat is sinking; heroine kaleidoscopically reviews her whole life, pretends to forgive her enemies, but, most of all, longs to live.

Act II. Enter the hero in a catboat, three reefs in his sail out of respect to the fifty-mile-an-hour wind. "Flat-bottomed boat ahoy!" he shouts. "Sit perfectly still; I'll pick you up." Down comes his sail, slap-bang comes the skiff alongside. Hero has both hands full steadying the boats while heroine tumbles as best she can into the cockpit of the catboat—all this just as the skiff turns turtle and floats away, to be paid



thought of Viola Allen in Rome studying the part of Roma for the production of Hall Caine's "Eternal City"; I thought of others in Europe—Mary Mannering, Ada Rehan—but the land over seas was not for me this year. I thought of the villa, which was all mine two summers ago, on the



for later. In a real play the heroine at this point would faint, recover and cry, "Where am I?" This heroine, wet to the very skin, faints not, but commands the hero to attend to his boat while she searches the lockers for fire-water. Having ensured herself against pneumonia—What's the time?





Good Heavens! Six o'clock, and only two hours to curtain-rise at the Casino! Where are we? Off New Rochelle, five miles from Mamaroneck. No time now to change the shirtwaist and other soaked apparel for the dry sort. She will hasten to the city on the train from New Rochelle, just as she is, in the rôle of Mermoid. Hero protests, but heroine orders him to make port. Just then—an inspiration. There is Glen Island, and a steamboat at the wharf!

Act III. Glen Island steamboat, 6.15 P.M. Rain still coming down in sheets and velocity of wind increased to sixty miles an hour. Up gangplank rushes heroine, looking like a pilgrim who has been baptized in the Jordan, and is now going where duty calls her. At a glance she perceives that she is the only passenger. Confronting the captain, she cries, "This boat is scheduled to sail at 6.15. Why don't you cast loose—or whatever you call it?" Captain looks over forlorn female from her rain-soaked hair to her waterlogged shoes and declares he can't budge "till the blow is over." Whereupon heroine whispers in captain's ear, then rushes into the arms of the ship's matron, who gives her a dry shirtwaist in private, packs her in pillows and "babys" her generally. That whisper in the captain's ear accomplishes a miracle—his steamboat leaves Glen Island in a hurricane with a solitary passenger who has but a single thought: to reach the stage door in Broadway before 8.15. She wins—presenting that night a very damp Mrs. Pineapple. So you see there are some drawbacks to the Arcadian style of life.

Thus the actress who insists upon having her midsummer's day dreams in the country while playing a midsummer engagement in town lives ever in the terror of involuntarily committing the crime of coming late to her work. A few nights after the hair-breadth escape just narrated I had another adventure characteristic of suburban life—this time on a railroad. My train was held up in some underground place that was bad for singers' throats. I respected my income too much to submit to the delay without protest. The train came to a dead stop at 7.40. I waited five, ten minutes—then it was time for action. At the theatre an audience and a wrathful manager would want to see "A Chinese Housewife." I determined to walk, despite the old railroad rules. The train was in the very middle of this underground region, miles from either end. I would walk ahead to the opening. I whispered in the conductor's ear—just as the heroine of the storm whispered to the captain of the Glen Island steamboat. The conductor, duly impressed, said, "Madam, if this thing gets out I'll have to chuck my job. But I'll chance it. Only—you can do better than walking."

Next moment I saw one of the soldiers of the rail, with a lantern, climb through an opening in the wall. He waved that lantern frantically, as if some one were asleep at the switch or something of that sort; then suddenly he motioned to the conductor, who was watching him. "Ready, madam," said the conductor. "Follow me." Seizing the little step-ladder that the trainmen use to light the gas in the cars, he placed it against the wall and told me to climb. I ascended. There was an unearthly thundering and hissing on the other side. It was a huge locomotive slowing down. The brakes were put on just as the cab came opposite my place on the wall. A grimy fireman, who looked as if he were made up for a minstrel show, leaned forward and gave me his blackened, rescuing hand. "Hurry—jump aboard!" said the conductor. The fireman fairly lifted me into his cab; the locomotive started. Until that night I thought the only persons who were allowed to ride on locomotives were President Roosevelt, the Vanderbilts and Prince Henry. I am sure that when I jumped from that engine to the platform in the station I looked like one who had been making a tour of a coal mine.

Another adventure I had the night I brought my dogs on the train from New York to Mamaroneck and had to break into my own house. Those dogs—magnificent collies—had come from Philadelphia.

I return to Mamaroneck after the evening performance on the 11.30 train. There was nothing unusual in my itinerary this night, excepting that I had the dogs with me in the baggage car. The man who had promised to "see the dogs home," as it were, had not kept his contract. He had brought them from Philadelphia to New York, but there he had become lost, strayed or stolen. Arrived at Mamaroneck soon after midnight, I expected to find my own trap as usual at the station to take me to my cottage, a mile away.

My plan had been to load the dogs in the carriage and thus drive homeward. But the station and all about was utterly deserted. Not only was my own trap missing, but there was not even a public hack to save the situation, nor human being to appeal to. The whole landscape was wrapped in the vast silence of a midnight in the suburbs. Then I recalled the fact that this night there was to be a grand fête for the downstairs world at Larchmont. The hotel waiters were having their midsummer hop. Some of my servants had asked my permission to honor the dance with their presence. Evidently, my coachman had gone without troubling to ask my pleasure, leaving his mistress to get home as best she could. Well, I would walk home. It was moonlight, and I had the dogs for protectors. So I walked, and the dogs gambolled, like lambs on the green, all the way home.

When I reached my piazza and tried to open the front door I understood that my troubles were only half over. The door was locked. Stupid servants! I had told them to leave that door always open, risking tramps and burglars. I pounded on the door, I banged the window blinds, I encouraged the dogs to make night hideous with their barks, I called to each of my servants by name. No response. Obviously, cook, maid, coachman, butler—every menial in my employ—had gone to where there was midnight revelry at Larchmont. But surely mother, who lives with me, would hear my cries of distress, my peremptory bangings and slammings, my yelping collies. But no, she was slumbering like one in a trance. Must I break into my own house? I tried all the windows, but they were closed and all too securely fastened. I had heard of princesses of old who had cut their lovers' initials with diamond rings on window panes; and I knew that my glistening stones would cut glass. Should I turn glazier and cut a pane from my parlor window? I was in the act of drawing off my glove to put the scheme to the test, when a most extraordinary thing happened and I entered my home without using my diamonds. The two kittens which the natives had given me—there they were on the inside of the drawing-room window, scratching upon it trying to get out to me, and meowing piteously. Their cries drew the attention of the collies. A single second they stood stock-still; then, as if at a preconcerted and well-understood signal, with a squeal of ecstatic anticipation, they hurled their combined weight against the window pane, and, breaking through with crash of glass, they dashed into my home in "close pursuit" of the poor little kittens. I merely followed. 'Mm—you can imagine the sort of five-o'clock tea that was going on inside.

But despite the adventures inseparable from suburban life, and notwithstanding the terrors which harrow up the soul daily over the possibility of losing a train or of delay in transit to the theatre for the night's work, regardless of the constant dread lest the servants give notice at the very hour when one expects a houseful of guests, I still commend the suburbs as the most suitable place for the summer home of my sisters of the stage. You will step before the footlights each night feeling much more refreshed than if you had spent the day within a few minutes' walk of the theatre; and, besides, as we modern Eves are forever clambering after apples, why not pick them from trees in our own dooryards?

Robt. Parker

Burnett's Vanilla Extract

is the best. The grocers know it. Insist on having Burnett's. It is for your food. Pure and wholesome.—Advt.

Let every good fellow now fill up his glass and let the vintage be Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.—Advt.

A well-appointed home is scarcely complete without telephone service. Rates in Manhattan from \$48 a year. New York Telephone Co., 15 Dey St., 111 West 38th St.—Advt.

Pure Cow's Milk

made sterile and guarded against contamination, from beginning to baby's bottle, is the perfection of substitute feeding for infants. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has stood first among infant foods for more than forty years.—Advt.

Sent Free and Prepaid.

To prove the great curative qualities of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine in all cases of indigestion, or constipation, we will send any reader of Collier's Weekly, who needs it, a trial bottle of this wonderful preparation. It quickly relieves, positively cures all stomach and bowel troubles. We have thousands of testimonials from those who have been relieved, cured, by its use. If you have any stomach trouble, or are bothered with constipation do not fail to write to the Vernal Remedy Co., Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial bottle. It is sent free and prepaid.—Advt.

A Cure for Asthma

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 947 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.—Advt.

Pears'

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.



THIS SIGNATURE APPEARS TWICE ON THE LABEL OF EVERY BOTTLE OF

Chartreuse

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

MOST ANCIENT AND GLORIOUS OF ALL KNOWN CORDIALS; MADE FOR CENTURIES BY THE MONKS OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE MONASTERY, NEAR GRENOBLE, FRANCE—A RELIGIOUS ORDER ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1084.

A GLASS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR IS THE MOST REFINED AND SATISFACTORY TERMINATION POSSIBLE TO ANY FEAST.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bâtier & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

No Grinding...No Honing

If given ordinary care, the edge of

THE CARBO MAGNETIC RAZOR

WILL KEEP SURGICALLY KEEN FOR AT LEAST TEN YEARS

The "Carbo-Magnetic" is tempered by a secret electrical process. Has no hard spots, no soft spots, no brittleness. Ground by the Hamburg process; adaptable for wiry or soft beards. Every one is guaranteed—if it does not suit, the dealer will exchange it for one that will satisfy you.

Full Hollow Ground \$2.50
Extra Double Concave \$3.00

Sold by the best dealers or sent by the manufacturer, post paid.

Send for our free book "Hints to Shavers"

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN
449-450 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Elbert Hubbard

author of

"A Message to Garcia"

has written another remarkably strong and inspiring story entitled

"Get Out or Get in Line."

This book has been published by the manufacturers of the famous Ralston-Purina Cereals who will gladly send it to the readers of this notice together with two other great stories: "Mary and John in the Home" by Alice B. Stockham and "Why Some Men Fail" by Lorin F. Deland. Send 10 cents in stamps or coin for the 3 books. Address

Purina Mills.

"Where Purity is Paramount"
702 Gratiot St., St. Louis, Mo.

If You Wear a Watch In a Factory or Shop

you should have a Jas. Boss Stiffened Gold Case in order to protect the works and lessen the cost of repairs. The Boss Case is made of two layers of solid gold with a layer of stiffening metal between. It is better than a solid gold case because it is stronger and so close-fitting as to keep out gas, smoke, dust and dampness.

JAS. BOSS Stiffened GOLD Watch Cases

are recognized as the standard the world over, and sold as such by all jewelers. The Boss is the only stiffened case in use long enough to prove by actual wear that they will outlast the 25-year guarantee. There is none "just as good." The Keystone trademark here shown is stamped in each Boss case.

Consult the jeweler. Write us for booklet.

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO., Philadelphia.

ATTEND SCHOOL CHEAPER

by entering through us. We have special arrangements with several hundred leading Colleges, Boarding Schools, Military Schools, Schools of Medicine, Pharmacy, Law, Business, Music, Art, etc. Write for particulars, stating course desired, when you wish to enter, previous educational advantages, and first and second choice of school. Catalogues of all schools and colleges FREE.

American School and College Agency, 1226 Fisher Bldg., Chicago.

TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS

332 Broadway, New York, sell all makes under half price. Don't buy before sending for samples of writing, prices, exchange and unprejudiced advice. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first-class condition. Dealers supplied.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

has avoided many a case of appendicitis, because appendicitis is generally brought on by constipation and PARKER'S GINGER TONIC cures constipation. It acts on the Liver and no reaction follows its use. Many medicines leave effects that are worse than the original malady, but PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is sure, speedy and safe. 50 cts. and \$1.00 at all Druggists.

STARK TREES best by Test—77 YEARS LARGEST NURSERY. FREE BOOK free. Write for it. WANT MORE SALESMEN? PAY WEEKLY STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Danville, N. Y.; Etc.

NEGLIGEEES THAT MAY BE MADE AT HOME



A COSTUME that affords ease and comfort is a boon during the sultry days. Small wonder, therefore, that the dainty negligee is as dear to the summer girl's heart as any other part of her wardrobe. Whether she be at home in her own little boudoir, or in her room at the summer hotel, a loose dressing-sack, in which she may lounge about, unfettered by bones or hooks, and yet retain the grace of her figure, is worth its weight in gold—and, as it happens, this figurative value and the usual price of these little sacks amount to pretty much the same thing! Consequently, the woman of limited pin-money must pass by the beautiful variety of negligees in the shops and content herself with a kimona.

But the woman who can do her own sewing or can afford to engage the services of a good seamstress will find the daintiest of negligees within her reach.

The first figure shows a dainty creation in fine lawn drawn down to the waist-line in soft folds. The sailor collar and hip flounce are finished off with a hem-stitched band. Fancy pearl buttons set off the front plait and a small pearl buckle fastens the belt of black velvet ribbon.

The second design shows a much more elaborate negligee. This is made of accordion-plaited crêpe-de-chine, the sleeves flowing loose and the waist unconfined by a girdle. A yoke of flowered lace forming

points and a bow of velvet ribbon complete the design. This idea is particularly effective if carried out in pale violet and cream lace with ribbon of a deeper shade.

In the next sketch we have a charming little negligee of pale-blue dimity, trimmed with a soft fichu of the same material, finished off with a lace ruffle. The fichu is fastened to the garment at intervals by small stitched straps of the dimity. Similar straps are also used as a sleeve trimming. The belt is a narrow bias band of dimity.

The fourth design is made of fancy French baptiste. A "jabot" of lace extends down the front, and a lace ruffle finishes off the sleeves and the bottom of the jacket. Black velvet ribbon, laced through beading, forms a dainty finish for the square neck. A similar trimming is used as a belt and as a heading for the lace ruffle on the sleeves and on the bottom of the negligee.

Perhaps the most attractive of all the designs here given is the last, a very girlish creation in white India silk and black velvet ribbon. The fancy yoke is formed of tiny tucks and is edged with a spray of appliqué lace roses. The centre of the sleeves and the vest are also of the tucked silk, and these, too, are edged with the appliqué, the same trimming finishing off the waist at the bottom. The vest and the centre of the sleeves are crossed by bows of black velvet ribbon; a belt of the same completes the dainty design.

SOME WARM WEATHER DESSERTS : BY ELIZABETH W. MORRISON

WHEN THE warm days are with us, the housewife turns her attention to those foods which will satisfy the jaded appetites of her flock. Desserts should be delicate and light, which will lessen her labors considerably if she will but substitute those prepared with fruits. We greet the fresh fruits with delight, and with us now are rhubarb, pineapples, cherries, currants and other small berries.

There are thirty ways known to the writer in which to prepare rhubarb, each one delicious and not extravagant. The tender plant should never be stripped, as the red skin imparts a delicate flavor and temptingly rich appearance to the food. Should the plant be tough, strip off the skin, and clip the tough ends at the bottom, also the leaves, wiping each stalk with a damp cloth before peeling. Now we are ready to try the following recipes:

MERINGUE TART.—Cut rhubarb into thin slices; measure a coffee cup heaping full. Beat two egg yolks with half-cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour and one-fourth cupful of water; then mix with the rhubarb; turn into a pastry-lined pie tin and bake in a moderate oven until the crust is done and filling well-set. Beat the two egg whites

until stiff and dry; then add two tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar and beat again; heap roughly over the top of tart while hot; set back into the oven to delicately brown; serve cold.

RHUBARB JELLY AND WHIPPED CREAM.—Allow one pound of sugar and one box of gelatine to one quart of prepared rhubarb; stew the sugar and plant together, only add one tablespoonful of water; soak gelatine in one cupful of cold water; then add to the hot sauce, stirring until dissolved; then press through a sieve; pour into a mold or a deep bowl and set on ice to stiffen. When ready to serve dip bowl in hot water a moment, invert on to a cold dish and garnish with whipped cream.

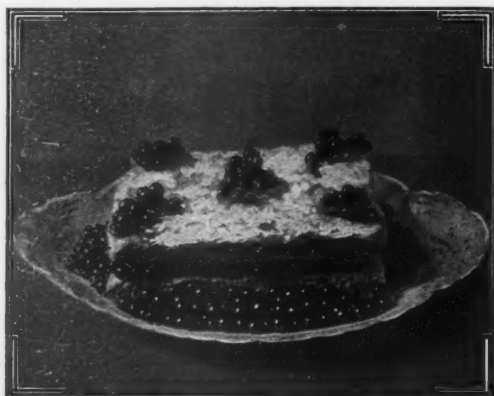
One seldom sees currants served excepting when converted into jam, but a currant shortcake is as delicious as the famous and favored strawberry. When stripped from the stem and heaped in a crystal glass and served accompanied with pulverized sugar, they make one of the most appetizing fruit dishes to serve for breakfast.

CURRENT SHORTCAKE.—Sift one teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one quart of flour; then rub into it four tablespoonfuls of butter; add enough sweet milk to work into a soft dough; divide into two parts, and

pat out so as to fit two oblong pans and bake in hot oven. When done spread with butter. Have ready one quart of currants stripped from stems; put into bowl and add one pint of sugar and crush; spread between the layers; sift pulverized sugar over the top and arrange stems of red and white currants on top and stemmed currants about the base.

When selecting pineapples pull the centre spines from the crown. If they come out easily the fruit is ripe and in condition to use. If sliced first, the peel can be removed much easier than paring the fruit whole. Slice with a sharp knife, then, after paring, with a pointed knife remove the eyes. Shredding is done by placing the sliced fruit on to a platter and picking it with a silver fork.

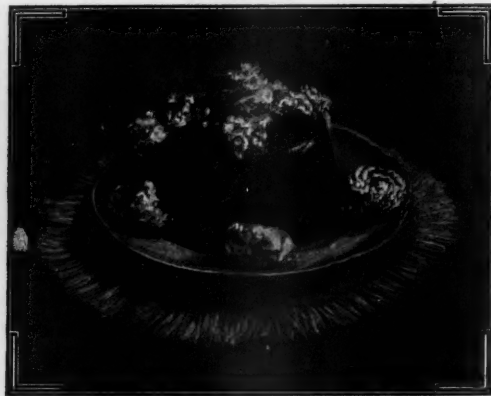
It is quite popular now to serve this fruit in the shell. Cut the crown about one inch from the top. With a sharply pointed spoon remove all of the pulp, leaving the shell perfect. Shred the pulp, discarding the hard centre; add to this pulp halved strawberries, enough sugar to sweeten, and turn into the shell; stand on ice until wanted; then heap whipped cream or ice cream, flavored with pineapple, on top. Serve on a dish covered with a lace-paper napkin and arrange the spines about the base.



Currant Shortcake



Pineapple stuffed with Strawberries



Rhubarb Jelly and Whipped Cream

Delicious Drinks and Dainty Dishes

ARE MADE FROM

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



ABSOLUTELY PURE
Unequaled for Smooth-
ness, Delicacy, and Flavor

Our Choice Recipe
Book will tell you how
to make Fudge, and a
great variety of dainty
dishes, from our Cocoa
and Chocolate. Sent
free to any address.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited
ESTABLISHED 1750
DORCHESTER, MASS.

MODENE

HAIR ON
FACE
NECK
AND
ARMS
INSTANTLY
REMOVED
WITHOUT
INJURY TO
THE MOST
DELICATE SKIN

IN COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture
was accidentally spilled on the back of the
hand, and on washing afterward it was dis-
covered that the hair was completely removed.
We named the new discovery MODENE. It is
absolutely harmless, but works sure results.
Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears
as if by magic. **It Cannot Fail.** If the
growth be light, one application will remove it;
the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth
on moles, may require two or more applications,
and without slightest injury or unpleasant feel-
ing when applied or ever afterward.

Modene supercedes electrolysis.
Used by people of refinement, and recommended by
all who have tested its merits

Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing-cases
(securely sealed), on receipt of \$1.00 per
bottle. Send money by letter, with your full
address written plainly. Postage-stamps taken.
LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED

MODENE MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 92, Cincinnati, Ohio
Every Bottle Guaranteed
We Offer \$1,000 for Failure or Slightest Injury

INGRAM'S MILK WEED CREAM



Improves the bad, Pre-
serves the good
COMPLEXION.

Nothing more beautiful than
a smooth, flawless, healthy
skin. Those not so are made
so, those already so are kept
so, when nourished by this
highly endorsed skin food

"Is marvellously good" says
Bernhardt, "the divine Sarah,"
removing pimples, tan, freck-
les, sunburn and blackheads.
At Drugists or by mail,
\$60 a jar. Send stamp for
sample and booklet.

F. F. INGRAM & CO. 76 TENTH ST. DETROIT, MICH.

MAPLEWOOD

NEAR CINCINNATI, OHIO
A Sanatorium established in 1875 for the private care
and medical treatment of **Drug and Alcoholic**
Addictions.

Beautifully located in the Miami Valley, thirty miles
from Cincinnati. Easily accessible by train. Location un-
surpassed. Excellent accommodations. **Care Guar-
anteed. No Restraint.** Rates reasonable. The
treatment can also be taken at home without inconve-
nience or detention from business. For terms and full
information address,
The Dr. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. L.S., LEBANON, OHIO.

DON'T ROAST YOURSELF

By standing over a hot stove. Make summer
cooking a pleasure by using our
STEAM COOKER WITH DOORS
Large meal cooked over one burner. Wonderful
saving of fuel and labor. Get it for your home
and summer cottage. Send for catalogue and
special offer. Used on any kind of stove.
AGENTS WANTED. \$30 to \$40 a week can be
made. Now is the time to sell cookers.

OHIO STEAM COOKER CO.
26 Ontario Building, TOLEDO, OHIO

How To BUY A DIAMOND

SPECIAL SUMMER OFFER.
Write for PARTICULARS
Buy diamonds on your present income by our month-
ly saving plan.
DIAMONDS SENT ANYWHERE FOR APPROVAL
Express paid. Booklet is worth \$10 to intending pur-
chaser. FREE. Postal bring it. Doubtless write
First National Bank, Chicago.
GEORGE E. MARSHALL, Dept. 11, CHICAGO

THE HEATHEN CHINESE

THEY were talking over their domestic
troubles, as men will when they get
together. Clayton avowed that he had
tried every race under the sun except the
Mongolian. Whereupon he proceeded to tell
diverse tales—as is the way with a man over
his coffee when he holds attention by mere
force of words—which he had gathered from
friends of his, all apropos of the virtues of the
Chinese servant. According to them that
Celestial being could cook and act as valet
equally well; he could market and ship, yet
never be cheated a penny's worth; he might
steal from his master, but he insisted on mo-
nopolizing that privilege; he was faithful to a
fault and would work uncomplainingly ten
hours a day.

Brown, at this point, seeing that the only
way to get his inuing was to interrupt, promptly
interrupted. "Speaking of Chinese servants,"
he commenced, "I had one and still have him;
but, while it is true that he relieves me of many
of the cares of existence, he has added a few
new and curious ones of his own creation."

"He had been with me about three weeks
and for the first time in years I breathed
freely; at length, I thought, just as Clayton
has stated so eloquently, my domestic woes
were nearing their finish. Everything in my
house went on oiled wheels, dust and noise
and the exactions of dishonest tradesmen no
longer held me speechless with rage, the
cooking was excellent, the service perfect.
My success was beginning to make me
noisome, as is the way of it, to my friends
and business associates."

"One night I was waked by weird shrieks.
They came from the Chinaman, whom I found
cuddled up in a heap on the floor just outside
my door. 'Take him away!' he yelled, as I
bent over him with a lighted candle. 'Take
him away! He's got me, he's got me—oh,
oh, oh!' Then he uncured a little, and
explained in 'Chink' talk that a dead man
came to him now and then and held his
ankles and throat, and he couldn't stay with
me any longer unless I drove the awful thing
away."

"I tried to reason with him, but I might
have kept my breath. He did, however,
apparently believe in my power to exorcise
his evil spirit. I finally got some sealing-wax
and made big wafers on the door-jamb and
recited some fool gibberish over them, and
John felt better; but the next night the dead
man came back, and this time I burned red
fire in a pan in the middle of the room and
nearly choked myself to death—it was as bad
as Irving's Faust. The next night, wrapped
in a sheet, I stood on a stool at midnight, as
the clocks were striking the hour, and, wav-
ing a Chinese flag over my head, recited ex-
tracts from Confucius backward; the fourth
night I gave him some patent medicine from
a death's-head match-safe while he stood on
one foot and held the other outstretched at
right angles. He swallowed it with the
same childlike faith with which he had
witnessed my other 'spells.' The medicine
was advertised to cure everything from
mumps to broken ribs. The following
morning John was once more himself, and
my tribulations in that direction were not
repeated for several weeks, when the same
performance was duplicated. He won't take
medicine the first night now; for, having
commenced with four incantations, I have
to repeat the whole series."

FOOD

SWEET BREATH

When Coffee Is Left Off.

A test was made to find if just the leaving
off of coffee alone would produce an equal
condition of health as when coffee is left off
and Postum Food Coffee used in its place.

A man from Clinton, Wis., made the experi-
ment. He says: "About a year ago I left off
drinking coffee and tea and began to use
Postum. For several years previous my sys-
tem had been in wretched condition. I always
had a thickly furred, bilious tongue and foul
breath, often accompanied with severe head-
aches. I was troubled all the time with
chronic constipation, so that I was morose
in disposition and almost discouraged."

At the end of the first week after making
the change from coffee to Postum I witnessed
a marvelous change in myself. My once coated
tongue cleared off, my appetite increased, breath
became sweet and the headaches ceased en-
tirely. One thing I wish to state emphatic-
ally, you have in Postum a virgin remedy for
constipation, for I certainly had about the
worst case ever known among mortals and
I am completely cured of it. I feel in every
way like a new person."

During the last summer I concluded that I
would experiment to see if the Postum kept
me in good shape or whether I had gotten
well from just leaving off coffee. So I quit
Postum for quite a time and drank cocoa and
water. I found out before two weeks were
past that something was wrong and I began
to get coveive as of old. It was evident the
liver was not working properly, so I became
convinced it was not the avoidance of coffee
alone that cured me, but the great value came
from the regular use of Postum."

Mellin's Food



ELIZABETH ANN CHAPMAN, PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

Mrs. S. D. Chapman, the mother of this little girl, writes:

**"We consider Mellin's Food the best food that can be
procured for babies. Our little girl has never been sick
a day. She always takes Mellin's Food with a relish."**

Send for a free sample of MELLIN'S FOOD for your baby.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY. BOSTON, MASS.

ABSOLUTE RANGE PERFECTION

Sold for CASH or on MONTHLY PAYMENTS
Your money refunded after six months' trial if
CLAPP'S IDEAL STEEL RANGE

is not 50 per cent to 100 per cent better
than you can buy else-
where. My superior lo-
cation on Lake Erie,
where iron, steel, coal,
freights and skilled
labor are the
cheapest and best,
enables me to furnish a
TOP NOTCH
Steel Range at
a clean saving
of \$10 to \$20,
quality consid-
ered.

Send for free catalog of
all styles and sizes, with or
without reservoir, for city,
town, or country use.
CHESTER D. CLAPP, 613 Summit St., TOLEDO, OHIO
(Practical Stove and Range Man)

BLINDNESS CURED

The Oneal Dissolvent Method

Not only cures cataracts, scums,
granulated lids and all other
causes of blindness, but it
strengthens and invigorates the
eye. It has never caused an injury
and Dr. Oren Oneal, its discoverer,
has become famous through the
thousands of marvelous cures he has
effected by its use without the
knife.

Mrs. S. C. Willard, Libertyville, Ill.: "I was cured
of cataracts, 20 years' standing." Write her.
CROSS-EYES STRAIGHTENED; no knife or
pain; a new method, successful in over 5,000 cases.
Illustrated book, many testimonials, and Dr.
Oneal's advice Free.

OREN ONEAL, M. D.
Suite 219 52 Dearborn St., Chicago

TO ALL WHO SUFFER FROM SPINAL DEFORMITIES

85 per cent cheaper than the old methods. 100 per cent better. Weighs cures where
others weigh pounds. For Men, Women and Children; none too young, none too old to be re-
lieved. We offer the only Scientific Appliance ever invented for the relief and cure of this
unsightly condition; cured the inventor, Mr. P. B. Sheldon, of curvature of the spine of THIRTY
YEARS' standing.

Throw Away the Cumbersome and Costly Plaster-of-Paris and Sole-Leather Jackets

Our appliance is light in weight, durable, and conforms to the body as not to evidence that a
support is worn. It is constructed on strictly scientific anatomical principles, and is truly
a godsend to all sufferers from spinal troubles, male or female. We also make
Scientific Appliances for protruding abdomen, weak back, stooping shoulders. Send
for free booklet and letters from physicians, physical instructors, and those who know
from experience of our wonderful appliance. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Write to-day for measurement blank. Don't wait.

I am permanently cured of a weak and deformed spine, by the use of the Philo Burt
Company's Appliance.

During the six months previous to procuring the appliance, I was unable to stand on
my feet. After wearing it for six weeks, I could walk with the aid of crutches, and
eight months from the time I first commenced the use of the Brace, I was able to do as
much work as any able bodied man.

My experience has convinced me that spinal trouble is the cause of many symptoms
of disease, that can never be cured by treating the symptoms, and nothing but some
support to remove the weight of the head and shoulders from the spine will give relief.

I cannot say too much for your Appliance; they are so light and comfortable (and
can be removed so easily) that it is almost a pleasure to wear one. GEO. LIST.

Mr. List writes the above after six years' experience with our appliance, the
latter two years of which he has not worn any brace or support.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.

63-8th Street, Jamestown, N. Y.

YOU CAN SUCCEED

In the poultry business just as we have if
you follow the same plans. We tell all
about what we have done and how we did
it, in our new book,

"Poultry for Profit"
Gives cuts of every variety of fowl, together
with prices for singles, pairs, trios and pens,
and eggs for hatching, in season. Cuts and
plans for poultry houses. (Cost too much money
and time to be given away, but is sent for 10 cents.)
THE J. W. MILLER CO., Box 21, Freeport, Ill.

SAVE YOUR PAPERS & COLLIER'S WEEKLY

Binder, fitted with patent clasps. Will hold fifty-
two numbers of the paper.

Price \$1.25. Address Collier's Weekly,
416 West 13th Street, New York City.

BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms. Lyon &
Healy's "Own Make" Instruments are
now used by the greatest artists. Fine Cat-
alogue, 400 illustrations, mailed free; it
gives Band Music & Instructions for
Amateur Bands. Bargains in Instru-
ments just reduced in price.

LYON & HEALY, 59 Adams St., CHICAGO
The World's Largest Music House. Sells
"Everything Known in Music."

WEDDING INVITATIONS

and Announcements Printed and Engraved. Latest Styles.
Monogram Stationery. Best work. 100 Visiting Cards 75c.
Samples and valuable Booklet "Wedding Etiquette" FREE

J. W. COCKRUM, 529 Main Street, OAKLAND CITY, IND.

Cooling, Refreshing, Healing

The Antiseptic Powder

For Women
for allaying the discomforts of perspiration, sunburn, tan, foot soreness, etc.
Improves and protects the complexion.

For Babies
to prevent chafing and chapping. Keeps the skin soft and sweet.

For Men
a necessary adjunct to a comfortable shave. Keep it with your cup at the shop, or on your dresser at home if you shave yourself.
After Athletics and Exercise.

QUEEN
Antiseptic Talcum Toilet Powder

Made of pure refined talcum, is antiseptic, medicated, delicately perfumed and free from the odor of tin or brass, being distinguished as the ONE toilet powder that comes in a rich white glass bottle, with shaker top and closing slide of silver.

at all dealers or by mail prepaid on receipt of five, coin or stamps.
Sample Free

QUEEN
CHEMICAL CO.
48 Plymouth Place
Chicago

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. **TRY IT TODAY.** Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept an imitation. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. **ROTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS**, the best medicine for Feverish, Sickly Children. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Trial Package FREE.

Address, **ALLEN S. OLSTED, LE ROY, N. Y.**

LABLACHE
FACE
POWDER

SUMMER
Months are very trying to the complexion unless it is fortified with

LABLACHE
Face Powder, which nourishes, cools and beautifies the skin—restores its freshness and rich color. There is nothing "just as good." Beware of substitutes and dangerous counterfeits. Flesh, White, Pink, Cream Tints, 50c. per box. Druggists or by mail.

BEN. LEVY & CO., French Perfumers, 125 Kingston St., Boston

Dip Front
Waist
Holder
and
Skirt Supporter

The Dip Front effect is obtained without special preparation, on any skirt or waist. Combines perfect skirt supporter at back with attachment giving Dip effect at front, as shown in above figure. Belt adjustable to any waist size, reversible, giving long or short Dip and can be worn with or without corset. Mailed prepaid for 25c (stamps will do). Agents Wanted.

DIP FRONT WAIST HOLDER CO., 82 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

MENNER'S BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief
—For—
PRICKLY HEAT,
CHAFING, and
SUNBURN, and
all other ailments of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Do not rub after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Menner's (the original). Sample Free.

BERNARD MENNER COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

RESTFUL SLEEP
In Camp, on the Yacht and at Home
"Perfection" Air Mattresses
CUSHIONS and PILLOWS

Style 61. Camp Mattress with Pillow attached. Also showing Mattress detached.

Clean and Odorless, will not absorb moisture
Can be packed in small space when not in use

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

MECHANICAL FABRIC CO. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

SHIRKING AS A SCIENCE
By
CHRISTINE TERHUNE HEDRICK

HALF the mental and more than half the bodily ills women undergo would be lightened if they could learn to shirk scientifically.

This is a faculty that must be cultivated. Few women north of Mason and Dixon's line are born with it. When the Pilgrim Fathers bequeathed to their descendants brown bread, baked beans and alleged liberty of thought, they threw in what is still known as a "Puritan conscience." This last gift would be bad enough if it merely made its owners unhappy when they were comfortable. But it does more than that. It teaches them that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, whereas the things well done that are not worth doing at all would fill a book.

From the onus of this conscience must the woman free herself who would make a science of shirking. Once liberated, she has a reasonable chance for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

For her difficulty in reaching this stage a woman's genius for detail is in part responsible. Also, her lack of a sense of proportion has much to answer for. She does not get things in perspective. That which is nearest is always largest, and it is at random that she takes up each duty.

In this misfit of a planet something must be crowded out. The unscientific woman does everything well until her strength gives out and she must leave half her work untouched or wreck herself in the attempt to finish it. The woman with a scientific bent carefully chooses where she will shirk and then does it.

The faculty of choice is now inculcated in the kindergartens. Most women already grown have to acquire it for themselves. If

they are housekeepers, they and their families suffer long and are not always kind, before the happy period is reached where the way how and the time when to shirk has been learned.

The shirking that is correctly done does not make others conspicuously uncomfortable. The woman who has so much else to do that she must shirk sweeping a dirty room tides it so that it produces a specious effect of cleanliness. When she must shirk dusting the drawing-room, she wipes off the polished surfaces and draws down the shades. If she must shirk in order to get out of the way a piece of sewing that the time is all too short to complete, she sets the long stitches where they will not show and makes the outside of the cup and platter so shining that it never occurs to any one to look at the side that is hidden.

As a matter of course, the woman who makes a science of shirking is a diplomatist. When she shirks bread-making because there is something else of more importance on hand, she buys a breadstuff so pleasing that the family feel they are having a treat. If she has shirked going to church for several Sundays, she compliments the clergyman judiciously on his sermon or his prayer the next time she attends service. (Clergymen are peculiarly sensitive to praise of their public prayers.) If she shirks her duty calls, she invites the sinned-against friend to a meal at the house or writes her a flattering note about her last club paper. The woman who shirks is usually popular. If her cleverness is equal to her science, she gains the reputation of being a good housekeeper, and no one suspects that her powers of charm and her gift of remaining young are due to her ability to shirk wisely and well.



A PAIR OF EMBROIDERED PILLOW-SHAMS

By **LILIAN BARTON WILSON**

THERE are styles of embroidery which cannot be properly executed except on frames, but fortunately for summer workers there are also kinds which can be equally well done in the hand. Among these is the well-known white French work—well known, indeed, and very old, but capable of endless new applications.

The stitches most common in this work are buttonhole for finishing the scalloped edges, satin stitch in those parts of the design which are to be worked solid, and seed-stitch in other portions which, instead of being fully embroidered, are merely suggested. The detail of our design shows these methods clearly, and the value of suggestive work is very apparent.

It is not necessary to carry out fully a great mass of detail in order to execute an expressive piece of embroidery. More often than not suggestion is more pleasing than the story fully told. One likes to have the opportunity of filling out an idea for one's self. The power of suggestion is often an artist's most direct and strongest hold upon those who see his work.

Seed-stitch is a kind of darning. It differs from ordinary embroidery darning in that the short stitch is taken on the right side and the long stitch on the reverse. It can be "run in" just as darning is done. Care must be taken to have the design properly balanced when using various stitches on one pattern. This detail of the embroidered pillow-sham shows the perfect distribution of the stitches from the standpoint of their weight.

The scallop of this sham is particularly good. The effect of a scalloped edge is not

always appreciated until the work is finished and the scallop cut out. Only too often one then discovers that the scallop is too deep, and so hangs out in a disconnected way; or that it is not deep enough, thus making too straight an edge. When one finds a symmetrical scallop it is well worth using on many pieces of work. Follow this scallop and its hoop

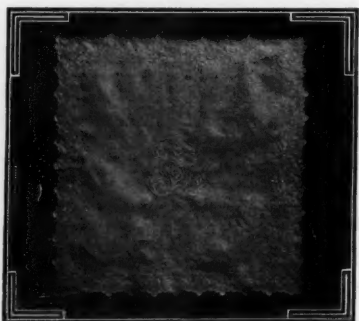
with close button-hole stitches, turning them so as to keep them always at right angles with the direction of the scallops. This is the first work to be done on the sham.

The satin stitch work should be raised somewhat by an underfilling; this should be placed at right angles with the over-work. Do not pack the filling too high. There is always danger of this in raising embroidery. Embroidery is work on the plane, and is inconsistent with

and too much raising the nature of the decoration. Those portions of the design which are worked in seed-stitch are also outlined in the simple outline-stitch, so we have in the work four stitches, all

readily done in the hand. The open-work is done by using a stiletto and over-working the edges of the holes. Open-work, if only a little, as in this case, greatly relieves the blind work.

The initial in the centre of this sham is embroidered in the same stitches. No decoration is so appropriate on a bed as pure white. The art fabrics made into covers and rolls are pleasing for a time, and embroidery in colors is often very effective; yet all white is more satisfactory on a bed, as on the dining-table. Therefore, a pair of shams worked in this style and after this design makes a bed look fresh and dainty as well as richly decorated.



Pillow-Sham embroidered in French White-work



Detail of embroidered Pillow-Sham

"A perpetual feast of neclared sweets."
—Milton.

NABISCO
Sugar
Wafers

A never-ending feast of flavors as delicate as the flowers' fragrance, as delicious as the sun-kissed fruit

Made in many flavors. Each flavor sealed in a separate tin.

National Biscuit Company.

—NEW ENGLAND—
WATCHES

Sold by Leading Jewelers Everywhere

Artistic productions for Ladies' wear—Silver chatelaines in unique designs—Shoulder watches and Belt watches in all metals or enameled—Men's and Boys' watches—Open face or hunting—Gun metal, gold, silver, and nickel—Send for our booklets and select designs.

The New England Watch Co.

37 and 39 Maiden Lane, N. Y. 131 to 137 Wabash Ave., Chicago. Spreckels Building, San Francisco

The Best International Dentifrice
ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

Hardens the gums—cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth—sweetens the breath. No powder or liquid to spit—most convenient package to carry or use.

At all Druggists 25c.

C. H. STRONG & CO., Chicago, U. S. A.

Try it 30 Days at Our Expense
Saves weary hours on wash-day. Saves carrying heavy baskets of clothes. Hang articles out as fast as washed. Take in as fast as dry. Drier is on revolving head, giving access to every part.

The Safety Window Clothes Drier
holds 110 feet of line. A practical household convenience. Guaranteed in every respect. Your money back if you are not pleased after 30 days' trial. We pay all charges. Write today for FREE booklet—tells about our Balcony and Lawn Driers also.

SAFETY DRIER COMPANY, 6750 Yale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

National Electric Vehicles
are for those who take no pleasure in mechanical labor. Started and kept in motion without worry or tinkering. Simple, noiseless, graceful. The most practical automobile for business or pleasure. Easily controlled by man, woman or child. Write for catalog.

NATIONAL VEHICLE CO., 801 E. 22nd St., Indianapolis, Ind.

HOW TO LOOK WELL IN SUMMER



By
ELLEN
VELVIN

EVERY sensible woman recognizes the necessity, in winter, for guarding against chills and colds, rough skin, chapped lips, and the many other little ills caused by frosty weather and biting east winds, not to speak of damp days or a drenching shower. But how many know how to really take care of themselves in the summer? This is no longer an age when roseleaf complexions and delicate, undeveloped bodies and limbs are admired. We look for health and strength, and when these are present, beauty, or at any rate attractiveness, is never absent. The healthy, out-of-doors young woman of the present day goes in for golf clubs, bicycles, canoes and cat-boats, and probably finishes up the day with a good game of ping-pong.

The first three forms of sport are healthy and enjoyable, when not indulged in to excess, but ruinous to the most brilliant complexions unless proper precautions are taken. These outdoor exercises give one a good healthy coloring, but they also burn and blister the skin, either making it coarse and red, freckled, or perhaps a mahogany-brown, which is anything but becoming. Now, all this can be easily prevented if only women would take a little care of themselves.

For exposure to the sun and sea air, for sunburn and freckles, there is no more simple or efficacious remedy than plain lemon-juice put on every night and washed off in the morning with warm water after using a little cold cream. A good powder dusted lightly over the face and hands before exposing one's self to the rays of the sun will also act as a preventative to tan and freckles and, in some cases, to sunburn.

The skin should always be the first care. Many skin troubles occur in spring and summer which disappear on the approach of winter. One of the most troublesome and common is acne, which is most prevalent in girls and young women and is rarely seen after the age of twenty-five is passed. These little pimples are not only extremely painful and irritating, but very disfiguring. A good plan is to bathe the skin with very hot water, after which sponge it with cold and then rub gently with a soft towel. If very troublesome, the following remedy will be found useful: Liquid ammonia, twenty drops; ether, one drachm; soft soap, one ounce. Mix, keep in a stopper bottle and apply a little of the mixture on the skin with the fingers—taking care that the finger-nails do not come in contact with the skin—and rub in gently. After washing off with warm water, dust with a good powder. Perseverance in this and care as to diet will soon make a marked improvement.

Another tiresome skin trouble is nettle-rash, which arises at this time of the year, indirectly from acidity, and for this ten grains of citrate of potash in a little water twice a day will be found beneficial.

Diet is, indeed, a most important point to think of in all affections of the skin. It should be carefully regulated according to the weather. Less meat and less stimulating food are required than during cold weather. If cereals form the basis of the breakfast in cold weather, they should not be taken more than twice or three times a week, instead of daily; but fruit, tomatoes, lettuce and water-cress should form part of the breakfast, with good brown bread, toast and egg, or fish, either broiled or boiled. The midday meal should be simple, with effervescent water to drink if meat is taken, or milk if fish is eaten. No kind of salt meat, smoked fish, or any greasy or rich dishes should be taken, and rich soups, pastries and highly seasoned dishes should be most carefully avoided.

Plenty of outdoor exercise is absolutely essential and should be freely indulged in by the woman who cares for her complexion. Violent exercise in the warm weather is, of course, apt to make one perspire freely, but such perspiration, though it may apparently increase any eruption, or even induce one, is really excellent for the skin and complexion by throwing off waste matters from the blood, which it will benefit when the trouble that exists for the time being has passed away.

The hair should be taken great care of during the summer months, for it is this time of the year that this particular feature of a

woman's attractions gets the most wear and tear. The sea water coarsens and roughens it, taking away all the shimmer and gloss; too much sun discolors it, and the constant exposure to night air makes it brittle and dry.

Every woman should take advantage of being in the country by letting her hair down occasionally and allowing it to have plenty of fresh air and sunshine; not too much sunshine, because, although a sun bath is an excellent tonic for the hair, too much direct contact with the sun's rays will discolor it, as I said just now. But fresh air is good for it in every way, and there need be no uneasiness about its getting too much. Many people advise constant brushing; but brushing, although in nearly all cases good for the hair, does not suit every kind.

Many heads—especially those which are naturally moist and greasy—are not at all improved by brushing, even when just cleansed from all greasiness. Instead of making the hair light, bright and fluffy, which it is supposed to do, it causes it to become matted and clogged together, giving it a damp, clammy appearance. When this is the case, it is better to keep to the comb only. Take a good, rather fine comb, separate the hair into small strands, and comb each strand until it becomes soft and silky; for this particular kind of hair never gets fluffy under any circumstances.

The best home shampoo for the hair is the yolk of two eggs well beaten and mixed with the warm water in which the head is washed. This not only cleanses the hair from all effects of salt water, dust, etc., but gives it a beautiful silky gloss which lasts for a long time. The egg, too, is stimulating to the scalp and nourishing to the roots of the hair.

One of the greatest mistakes that women make in the summer is to go to extremes in the way of overdoing things. Exercise and out-of-door life are splendid things, as also are the many pleasant social functions, but a constant round of these things without any rest or cessation is far more injurious than not going out at all. If only women would be sensible enough to realize that a certain amount of rest daily is absolutely essential to them many of the most terrible breakdowns would be averted.

FOOD

GRANNY DID IT

Knew the Food That Furnished Power.

A grandmother, by studying the proper selection of food, cured herself of stomach trouble and severe headaches. Later on she was able to save her little granddaughter because of her knowledge of food.

She says, "When baby was five months old she was weaned because of the severe illness of her mother. She was put on a prepared baby food but soon lost flesh and color, became hollow eyed and fretful. We changed her food several times but with no permanent benefit. At last her stomach rebelled entirely and threw up nearly everything she took. She would be wet with a cold perspiration after feeding and would cry piteously with pain. That is a dangerous condition for a small baby and in this extremity I remembered how beautifully Grape-Nuts had agreed with me, and suggested we try the food for baby.

We began very carefully with it, giving two small teaspoonfuls at a feeding, softened with boiling water and fed in sterilized milk, warmed. The experiment was a perfect success.

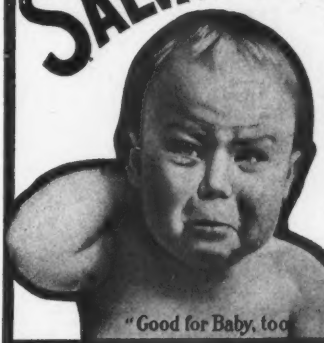
She has been on the food five weeks and can now eat other food, for the change in this brief time is wonderful. She has gained over three pounds in weight, has rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and she has the appearance of a satisfactorily nourished and thriving child."

The reason that Grape Nuts will agree with adults and babies is that the starch of the cereals has been transformed into grape sugar in the process of manufacture, and when introduced into the stomach it is ready for immediate assimilation and does not tax the powers of the organs of digestion. The result is always beneficial and the food has saved thousands of lives.

Recipes for many easy hot weather dishes in each package of Grape-Nuts.

SALVA-CEA

For all manner of Sores.
For all manner of Itching.
For all manner of Pain.



"Good for Baby, too"

A wonderful external remedy
for the skin, flesh, and muscles.
Soothing, healing, pain-relieving.
CURES ECZEMA

SORE MUSCLES. When you've strained or over-worked your muscles and they are sore and stiff, just a little judicious rubbing with Salva-cea will make you feel like a different person.

SUNBURN. Nothing you've ever known acts so promptly and thoroughly as Salva-cea in taking away all pain and tenderness.

BITES or Stings of Insects. Salva-cea relieves instantly the pain or itching and prevents or subdues the swelling.

BURNS. Nothing you can put on will take out the pain and soreness so quickly and heal so cleanly and completely as Salva-cea.

CHAFING. Salva-cea takes away at once all the pain, inflammation and soreness. One application is usually sufficient.

PILES. No matter whether they are blind, bleeding or itching, Salva-cea will give immediate relief and effect a permanent cure. No other preparation can begin to compare with it.

Sold in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents

SALVA-CEA SUPPOSITORIES

For bleeding and internal Piles which cannot be reached by external application. Sold in boxes containing 1 dozen, 50 cents per box.

At Druggists, or by Mail,
SALVA-CEA, 274 Canal St., New York City

Est. 1752.

When you take a Pill, take
a Brandreth Pill
Purely Vegetable.
Always Effective.

Cures Chronic Constipation.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS purify the blood, invigorate the digestion and cleanse the stomach and bowels. They stimulate the liver and carry off vitiated bile and other depraved secretions. They are a tonic medicine that regulate, purify and fortify the whole system.

Constipation, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Coated Tongue, Bad Breath, Headache, Pain in Stomach, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Bilious Headache, Jaundice, or any disorder arising from an impure state of the blood.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS. 40 PILLS IN EVERY BOX.



Draw the picture up close before your eyes and watch the pill go into the mouth

**Allcock's
Corn Plaster**
will cure corns as
quick as Allcock's
Plasters cure pain.



If they cannot be obtained at regular Druggists, on receipt of TEN CENTS we will send to any address a package of ALLCOCK'S CORN PLASTERS or a sample of ALLCOCK'S BUNION PLASTERS. Give immediate relief, afford absolute comfort and if continued effect a final cure.

ALLCOCK MFG. CO., 274 Canal Street, New York City.



High priced foreign champagnes met a worthy rival. The well known and popular brand

**Great
Western
Champagne**
Awarded the
Gold Medal

Juror-in-Chief, J. H. Gore, of the International Jury of the Paris Exposition of 1900, in his letter of information commented on the successful competition, saying that the reputation of Senator Prevot, once President of the Society Alimentation of France, who recommended it, as well as the grade of award itself, are gratifying evidences of the recognition of the merits of the exhibit.

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
Sole Makers Rheims, N. Y.
Sold by all respectable wine dealers.

\$3 a Day. Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure: we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once, Royal Manufacturing Co., Box 566, DETROIT, Mich.

Do You STAMMER

Our 200-page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering," with full particulars regarding treatment, sent free to any address. Enclose 6c to pay postage. Address Lewis School, 33 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.



100 VISITING CARDS 35c

Latest and correct styles and sizes. Order filled day received. Satisfaction guaranteed. Not obtainable elsewhere at twice the price. Booklet "CARD STYLE" FREE! E. J. SCHUSTER Ptg. & Eng. Co., Dept. 7, ST. LOUIS, MO.

A 50-CENT HAT BY MAIL



MEN'S HAT No. 1
In soft, rough finish. Colors: Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal-order, or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N.Y. We are hat manufacturers and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's hats in every town in the United States. Send for catalogue.



MEN'S HAT No. 2
In smooth finish. Colors: Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, and Pearl.

MIDDLETOWN HAT CO., 48 Mill St., Middletown, N.Y.



The best thing on wheels

The Oldsmobile

Physicians use the Oldsmobile in preference to any other because it saves time—and a Doctor's time is money. The Oldsmobile has proved itself by long, hard service to be the ideal Motor Vehicle for Physicians. It outwears a dozen horses, is always harnessed, always fed—is built to run and does it. All months are good months for the Oldsmobile, but the autumn months are best of all. If you want prompt delivery, order promptly.

Price \$650.00 f. o. b. Detroit.

Write for book R, which tells all about it.

SELLING AGENTS

Oldsmobile Co., 138 W. 38th St., New York
 Oldsmobile Co., 1224 Connecticut Av., Washington, D. C.
 Quaker City Auto. Co., 138 No. Broad St., Philadelphia
 H. B. Shattuck & Son, 239 Columbus Avenue, Boston
 Banker Bros. Co., East End, Pittsburgh

Oldsmobile Co., 411 Euclid Av., Cleveland, Ohio
 William E. Metzger, 254 Jefferson Av., Detroit
 Ralph Temple & Austrian Co., 293 Wabash Av., Chicago
 Fisher Automobile Co., Indianapolis
 Olds Gasoline Engine Works, Omaha

W. C. Jaynes Auto. Co., 873 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
 Day Automobile Co., St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo.
 George Hannan, 1455 California St., Denver
 Clark & Hawkins, 903 Texas Avenue, Houston, Tex.

The Manufacturers Co., 26 Fremont St., San Francisco
 A. F. Chase & Co., 215 So. Third St., Minneapolis
 Oldsmobile Co., 728 National Av., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Abbott Cycle Co., 411 Baronne St., New Orleans, La.

Autovehicle Co., 79 Orange St., Newark, N. J.
 Hyslop Bros., Toronto, Canada
 Rochester Automobile Co., 170 South Av., Rochester, N. Y.

Olds Motor Works

Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

DR. SIEGERT'S

1824
A. D.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS

The World's Best Tonic
Imported from Trinidad B.W.I.

22 GOLD MEDALS

LONDON	1862	LONDON	1886
PHILADELPHIA	1876	BUFFALO	1901
VIENNA	1873	PARIS	1875
CHICAGO	1893		1900

The Only Genuine

Unrivalled appetizing tonic and stomach corrective, recommended by physicians. Lends an exquisite flavor to champagne, sherry and all liquors. None genuine except Dr. Siegert's. On the market seventy years. Refuse imitations and substitutes.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, Sole Agent
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Absolutely FREE Absolutely



30 PAIR OF THESE ALLIGATOR PUNCTURE PROOF SELF-HEALING BICYCLE TIRES

to the fifty persons whose letters are received and opened first on August 19th at noon. In order to win, post your letter so it will reach us some time in the morning of August 19th before noon. Attach this advertisement and give size of tires wanted. Persons from afar have exactly same chances as others, for letters will be opened promiscuously as received from postmaster by the Chicago representative of Collier's Weekly. Tires will be shipped same day and list of the winners will be mailed you. All others will receive our free catalogue and Special Advertising Offer on a pair of these tires, the greatest of all pneumatic tire inventions. Only made by this company. Address

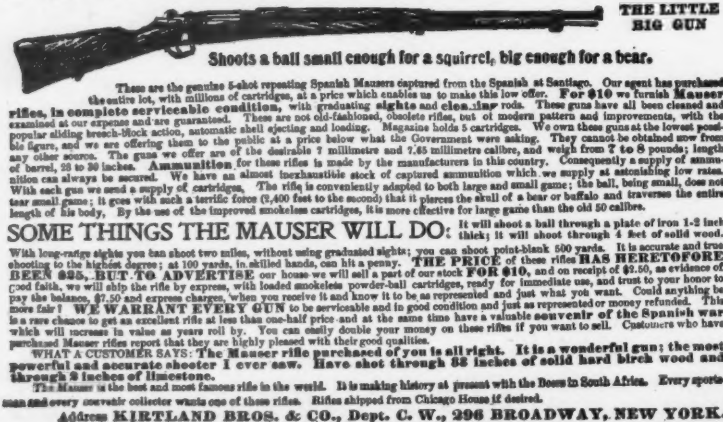
The Vim Company, Cor. Randolph and Fifth Ave., Chicago

A DOLLAR RATE BOOK FREE TO ADVERTISERS

We will send postpaid, entirely without charge to any business house that is interested in the subject of advertising, a copy of a bound volume we have recently issued entitled "Current Rates of Live Publications," giving list of leading towns throughout U. S., populations, principal papers, circulation and publishers' rates for advertising space on small and large contracts. Regular price of this volume is \$1.—We will send free upon receipt of ten cents in stamps to cover postage.

FULFORD, PAINTER & TOBEY
ADVERTISING AGENTS
N. W. Cor. Wabash Ave. and Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

A \$25.00 MAUSER RIFLE FOR ONLY \$10.00



THE LITTLE BIG GUN

Shoots a ball small enough for a squirrel, big enough for a bear.

These are the genuine 5-shot repeating Spanish Mausers captured from the Spanish at Santiago. Our agent has purchased the entire lot, with millions of cartridges, at a price which enables us to make this low offer. For \$10 we furnish Mauser rifles, in complete serviceable condition, with graduated sights and clean, sharp rods. These guns have all been cleaned and examined at our expense and are guaranteed. These are not old-fashioned, obsolete rifles, but of modern pattern and improvements, with the regular sliding breech-block action, automatic shell ejecting and loading. Magazine holds 5 cartridges. We own these guns at the lowest possible price, and we are offering them to the public at a price below what the Government was selling. They cannot be obtained now from any other source. The guns we offer are of the desirable 7 millimeter and 7.65 millimeter calibers, and weigh from 7 to 8 pounds; length any other source. We have an almost inexhaustible stock of captured ammunition which we supply at astonishingly low rates. With each gun we send a supply of cartridges. The rifle is conveniently adapted to both large and small game; the ball, being small, does not tear small game; it goes with such a terrific force (1,400 feet to the second) that it pierces the skull of a bear or buffalo and traverses the entire length of its body. By the use of the improved smokeless cartridge, it is more effective for large game than the old 30 caliber.

SOME THINGS THE MAUSER WILL DO: It will shoot a ball through a plate of iron 1-2 inch thick; it will shoot through 4 feet of solid wood. With long-range sights you can shoot two miles, without using graduated sights; you can shoot point-blank 500 yards. It is accurate and true shooting to the highest degree; at 100 yards, in skilled hands, can hit a penny. **THE PRICE** of these rifles has heretofore been \$25.00, BUT TO ADVERTISE our house we will sell a part of our stock FOR \$10.00, and on receipt of \$2.50, as evidence of good faith, we will ship the rifle by express, with loaded smokeless powder-ball cartridges, ready for immediate use, and trust to your honor to pay the balance, \$7.50 and express charges, when you receive it and know it to be as represented and just what you want. Could anything be more fair? **WE WARRANT EVERY GUN** to be serviceable and in good condition and just as represented or money refunded. This is a rare chance to get an excellent rifle at less than one-half price and at the same time have a valuable souvenir of the Spanish war which will increase in value as years roll by. You can easily double your money on these rifles if you want to sell. Customers who have purchased Mauser rifles report that they are highly pleased with their good qualities.

WHAT A CUSTOMER SAYS: The Mauser rifle purchased of you is all right. It is a wonderful gun; the most powerful and accurate shooter I ever saw. Have shot through 88 inches of solid hard birch wood and through 3 inches of Hiramston.

The Mauser is the best and most famous rifle in the world. It is making history at present with the Boers in South Africa. Every sportsman and every conceivable collector wants one of these rifles. Rifles shipped from Chicago House if desired.

Address KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., Dept. C. W., 296 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THUS TROUBLE COMES

I NEVER WAS in better humor in my life. My pipe was drawing well, the tobacco was to my liking, my chair was comfortable, and I was altogether amiable. As for Helen, she seemed to be in excellent spirits. Our last cook had stayed with us three weeks, and there were still no signs that she intended to leave, which naturally conduced to a general condition of contentment.

Thus matters were when I remarked reflectively, "Helen, do you know that you are a very lucky woman?"

For a moment she looked at me in surprise. "Is it because I have such a perfect husband?" she asked.

"No," I replied with perfect good-nature, for there was nothing to offend in her tone; "but you'll admit that I'm better than none."

"A little better," she answered, roguishly. "You are, I believe, about five feet ten in height," I continued, by way of elucidating the point I desired to make.

It was Helen's turn to feel just the least bit resentful, for she is sensitive about her height.

"Oh," she said, rather bitterly, "I am too tall, I suppose."

"So far as I am concerned," I hastened to say, "I like tall women; but as I sat here, idly thinking, it occurred to me that the great and constantly increasing army of old maids is recruited almost entirely from the ranks of the tall girls."

"Oh, it is, is it?"

"Such is my observation," I said quietly. "Am I to infer," she asked, and there was more than a trace of acerbity in her tone, "that tall women are not attractive?"

"Quite the contrary," I answered, conciliatorily. "If you will take the debutantes of a season you will find that the men flock to the tall girls, that they flatter them and dance with them and call on them, and strive in every way for their favor—the big ones are the belles, but somehow the little ones seem to have the greater certainty of becoming wives."

"I presume," said Helen, sarcastically, "that the tall girl is regarded as a sort of freak—an interesting peculiarity of nature—to be studied only so long as it may be done with perfect safety."

"I am not attempting to give the reasons," I explained; "I am merely stating facts as I have observed them, and you should not quarrel with facts, Helen—that is foolish. Half the troubles of this world come from woman's inability to look at matters quietly and unemotionally, her readiness to be disturbed by trifles."

"Perhaps you are right," she returned, after a thoughtful pause.

"I know I am right," I asserted. "Let us be pleasant and good-natured, whatever happens."

"Why, of course," she said, "I ought to have known that it was all a joke, and accepted it as such. We should not be sensitive when a little amusement is sought at our expense, should we? But really, dear, you should have carried the subject further—you should have investigated the reason for this preference for small women when it comes to marriage."

"But there is no special reason," I protested.

"Why, you dear goose, of course there is," she exclaimed, merrily. "You are so shortsighted, you know. Let us continue the consideration of the question in the same light—some strain, and I will tell you why man marries the little woman in spite of his admiration for the large one. It is because he is a consummate coward, who dares not risk himself with a wife of anywhere near his own size."

"Helen!" I cried, sharply.

"Such a joke when you come to think of it!" she laughed. "Man wants a wife so small that he can handle her easily, so small that he can bulldoze her, so small that she seems his property rather than his partner."

"Let us be good-natured, dear," Helen went on. "It is so jolly to talk in this light and merry way with one who appreciates a jest and enjoys a gibe. And it is all so plain, too. Man will stand for hours admiring the big, splendid animals at the Zoo, and he'll tell you he'd like to have the biggest and finest of the lot, but if you tell him to take one home he'll pick out a meek-eyed doe. That's the kind of a creature man is. Why don't you laugh, dear?"

I rose and went for my hat. In a dignified way, I think, but I am not sure. I noticed that she laughed as I crossed the room. "We should enter into the spirit of these occasions," she said; "otherwise the humor will be lost upon us."

In the course of an hour I returned, and I was then in a more cheerful frame of mind. There is nothing like a brisk walk to restore one's equanimity.

"Helen," I said, when I entered, "it has been asserted by some alleged authority that woman has no sense of humor, but I know better. She is a mistress of satire, which is always highly diverting."

This pleased Helen, and gave me a gratifying consciousness of being generously appreciative. It is always well to be gracious and considerate when trouble comes, especially when any other course will only result in ultimate confusion.

A NEW ERA FOR YANKEE "WIND-JAMMERS"

CONSTRUCTED in the Fore River Shipyard, Boston Harbor, the most remarkable sailing vessel ever built was recently launched to astonish sailors on every ocean. The hull of this leviathan is of steel, 403 feet long over all, 368 feet 3 inches long on the water-line, 50 feet broad and 36 feet deep. She has three decks. There are 18-inch bilge keels to give strength and stability to the hull. The bottom is built on the cellular principle, with compartments that will hold 1,200 tons of water ballast. She has six steam-engines on deck fitted for pumping out this ballast, or water due to a leak, should one be found, and for getting up anchor, hoisting sail and handling cargo. In all, 2,000 tons of open-hearth steel have been used in her. When afloat, she will carry 7,500 tons of coal on a draught of 26 feet 6 inches, and her displacement when so loaded will be 10,000.

All this is to say that here is the largest sailing ship in the world—the largest in dimensions and the largest in carrying capacity. And yet, speaking strictly, she is not a ship; she is a schooner. Seven masts rise 155 feet above her deck, but they carry only booms and gaffs for fore and aft sails.

With the building of the five-masted schooner a new era dawned. With twelve or fourteen men and a donkey engine on board, these schooners could carry as much as any ordinary tow of barges, and yet they employed fewer men and there was no expense for running a big tug. In fact, the dividends on the five-masted schooner stock were so large that late in 1899 Captain J. G. Crowley of Taunton, Mass., and H. M. Bean of Camden, Me., united with others to bring out a schooner of six masts. The *George W. Wells* was accordingly started at Camden. It was announced that she was to carry 5,000 tons of cargo, and as that was the size of the cargo of the largest American square-rigged clipper afloat the sensation created on the floor of the Maritime Exchange was equal to that created by the advent of a new transatlantic liner.

But scarcely had the facts about the *Wells* appeared in the newspapers when Percy & Sewall of Bath planned another six-master

of still larger dimensions—a schooner that would carry 5,500 tons of coal. They named her the *Eleanor A. Percy*.

Having been well built and successfully launched, both of these schooners began dividend-paying careers of the most satisfactory character. It was the size of these dividends that undoubtedly started Captain Crowley to thinking about a schooner of still larger size, but every one who knows the rivalry among Down East sailor folks will believe that the size of the *Percy* had something to do with the matter. Bath had surpassed Camden and Taunton combined by 431 tons. Captain Crowley's ambition wouldn't stand that, and, having the money and backing necessary, with good profits assured, he went to Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, well known as a yacht designer, and secured plans for the steel seven-masted monster.

In symmetry of model and strength of construction, as well as in her capacity, here is a schooner that may well stir the pride of every Yankee sailorman; for she had been designed to compete for the foreign trade as well as the coastwise. The square-rigged ship of 5,000 tons' capacity requires a crew of from twenty-eight to thirty men; the new schooner will be well manned with sixteen. The numerous yards and sails and running ropes on the square-rigged ships not only cost more in the first place than the simple outfit of the schooner, but the expense of keeping them in repair is much greater. And when it comes to making speed in long passages or short, Captain Crowley will match his seven-master against anything and give odds at that.

The career of this vessel will be watched with the greatest interest by ship merchants the world over. The sailing ships of the world have had a hard time for twenty years or more in the competition with steam cargo ships, but now that the big schooners have proved more economical than alongshore steam barges, it is fair to suppose that they will be able to capture the long-run traffic that is held by the "tramps," and so inaugurate an entirely new era for the Yankee wind-jammers.



How our English Cousins "go in" for Aquatic Sports. All London at the Henley Races

THE FIGHT FOR THE DIAMOND SCULLS

By C. S. TITUS, American Single Sculler Representative at Henley

MOST Americans who have gone to Henley with the hope of carrying back to their country a trophy of their prowess have had to be content with a willow. I am one of them. The Diamond Sculls remain in England and the only freight I shall take back to America will be some valuable experience, the memory of a great aquatic spectacle and the resolve to see it again—and try it again. Of course, I am a bit disappointed that I did not succeed in all I undertook to do. But it was something to have come out ahead in two of the trial heats, and my disappointment in the third heat was mitigated, the following day, when the only man who beat me was acclaimed the winner of the trophy.

There is a good deal of luck in a Henley boat race, as any one will agree who has gone over the course. On a windy day the man or crew that draws the Bucks side has an advantage that is hard to overcome. Such a day was the Wednesday when I lost my chance at the finals. I had been favored in position both Monday and Tuesday, but then the handicap was not a great one. Wednesday was an ugly day, with the rain whipping the water and the wind blowing strong from off the Bucks shore. Kelley, my opponent, drew the inside position, and all the way he had the shelter of the shore and of the boathouses and houseboats. The gusts which just missed him caught me squarely. I have been told that there had not been such weather for five or six years. I can believe those who told me afterward that the outside boat was handicapped at least five lengths. I know it was a strenuous struggle against the wind and the current.

I mention this only to explain my reason for wanting to try it again. There is luck in every competition, but there was perhaps more than the usual percentage of it in my race of Wednesday. Next time luck may be with me. If it is not against me, all I can say is, I have hopes—strong hopes. As it was, my opponent won handily, and he deserved all the honors of victory. He is a fine, plucky sportsman, with the strength to back his resolution and with a good head.

British pluck is a proverb—or, if you please, a commonplace. But I want to add my tribute to the common fund. I saw it as fully exemplified in the men who lost as in the men who won—in the men whose stroke I watched as competitor, as in the men whose stroke I followed as spectator. It is not enough to beat an English sculler or oarsman. One has to keep on beating him, for he keeps on fighting, no matter if things are going dead against him. The race is not over until the finish line is reached. The English oarsman is simply game from head to foot, and gives the winner an illogical amount of trouble.

As shown at Henley, the peculiarity of English rowing is

the strong catch and the instant throwing of the weight into the stroke. Considering that it is not a choppy stroke, but long and full, it is timed very rapidly. The men use a stiffer oar than that favored in America and the blade is perhaps an inch narrower. Their oarlocks are more rigid also. Where the American uses three, or at most four, leg riggers, the Englishman uses five. Everything connected with the oar is stanch and unyielding. Nothing gives, and thus there is no loss of power. I am inclined to believe that in these particulars the English oarsman or sculler has chosen well. He has studied local conditions, and for such water as he has at Henley he must have the stiff oar and the narrow blade. A wide blade takes it out of his back instead of out of the water.

But I am convinced that American racing boats are much superior to the English in that they are lower and lighter. The English boat is needlessly heavy and catches an unconscionable amount of weather. My boat, for instance, weighs less than twenty-five pounds; theirs average from thirty-five to forty pounds. Knowing in a general way that there was a good deal of wind but little rough water on the Henley course, I instructed the builder to set my craft low down in the water. He made me a boat an inch and a half lower and with cockpit two inches lower than any boat he had ever turned out of his shop. I did not win with it, but I am confident that for those waters its beam and draught made it a better model than the boats it went against. I am confident, also, that the English-built boat which the Canadian eight—the Argonauts—rowed in beat them. There was dangerous material in that crew, but it got the worst position and the oarsmen could not shove their heavy craft ahead. It was built more like a ship than a racing machine.

The winners of the Grand Challenge Cup, the Third Trinity, were an imposing-looking crew and they won imposingly. Well trained, well equipped and fast, they went over the course with a clean, swinging stroke that was good to see.

If I may say something particular about my own part in the regatta, I found myself, by the scales, the lightest candidate for the Diamond Sculls. I raced at 145 pounds, where Kelley, the champion, raced at 175 pounds. The first man I met was Scholes, the Canadian, who had beaten me on the Harlem River this spring. He is a larger man and had the advantage of his weight in the rough weather of the New York regatta. But I learned his style, and I thought that the next time we met my chances would be better. I knew he had a lot of endurance, but I believed that I could go ahead of him on a final burst of speed. If I could keep up with him until the last hundred yards, I counted confidently on spurring ahead of him. The result justified my calcu-

tions. By feeling my opponent in little spurts before we reached the homestretch, I reassured myself and I crossed the line a winner. It was really a good race, the best time ever made in the Diamond Sculls I am told, and twenty seconds better than the time when Kelley carried away the trophy.

The next day I met Fields. I gave him credit for a good steady gait rather than for any exceptional dash, and my tactics with him were to keep him going as fast he could go and then toward the end to try and break away with a still higher stroke. Before I was half-way down the course I was sure the race was mine. But he kept me going fast and did not give in, although he nearly collapsed at the finish. Kelley, the man who beat me, I had thought to be the same sort of a sculler as Fields, a plodder rather than a spurter, and I went at him the same way. But it turned out differently.

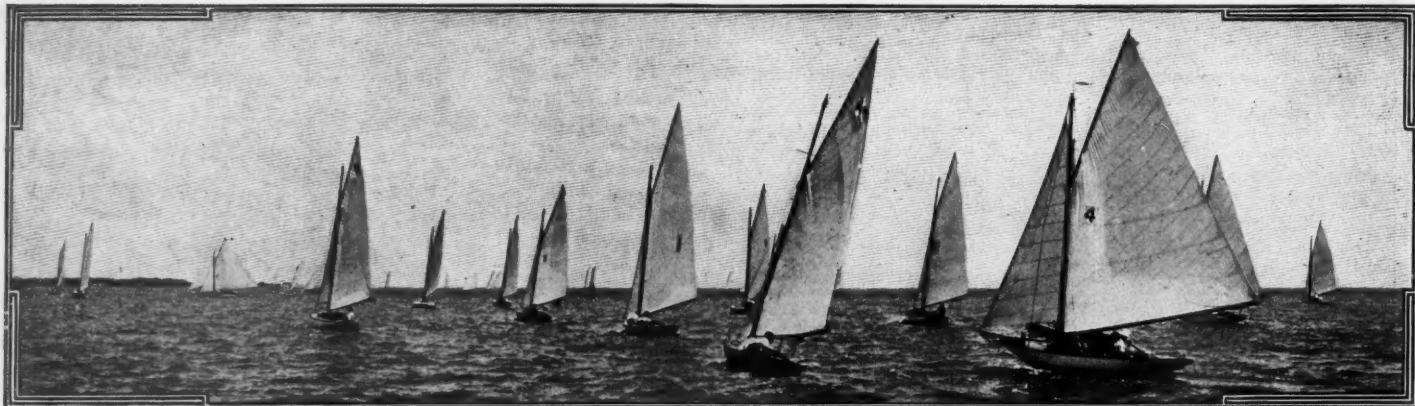
As I said at the outset, I had an ugly wind to fight against, while he went down the course in the lee of the shore and the river course. And he developed a burst of speed that surprised me. He shot away at the very start and did not come back to me at the half, as I expected. When I tried to sprint near the end, he did not let me get any closer. Both of us finished done out, but although he was the stronger and I had to fight the wind, I think he was the more exhausted of the two. I rowed over to him to congratulate him. I do not think he would have had strength enough to come over to me.

Such was the royal regatta at Henley-on-Thames and such my own part in it. I do not think the spectators were as much concerned about it all as we who took part in it. They were not as much concerned in the contests as an American audience would be. It was their picnic and we were just one feature of it. I am not certain that we were the main feature.

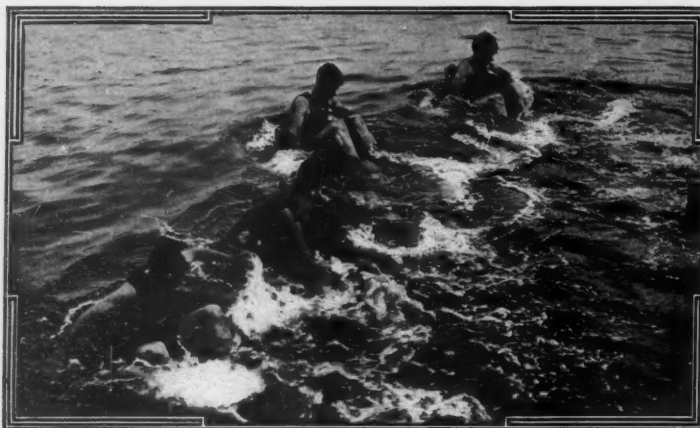
English ways are not American ways, and the visitor in either country has certain annoyances at first. He has to get used to the ways of the people among whom he has come. Entering England for the first time, I encountered my full share. I had no coach or manager, I was a stranger to the country, and found myself set down by my steamer with no one to post me and a fragile boat on my hands thirty-two miles from training waters. How I got there with my craft is a story in itself. That day was a nightmare. It was also an ugly physical ordeal. Next time I will know more.

But if the opening moments of my English pilgrimage were a bit disheartening, matters soon adjusted themselves and I came to like the fine, hearty, manly young Englishmen who were encamped in the rowing headquarters at Henley. I liked their country so well that I shall visit it again and bring my boat with me.

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMP

Start of the "One-Design" Class, July 23



An Exciting Moment during the Tub Race



Spectators watching the Rowing Matches

LARCHMONT'S GALA WEEK OF AQUATIC SPORTS—JULY 21-26

A "WATER-AUTO" AT LARCHMONT

LARCHMONT enjoyed its usual annual regatta week, and there were one or two novelties introduced, chief of which being a cross between a torpedo boat and a water automobile which A. C. Bostwick entered in the launch race. She was so successful that no other boat was within hailing distance of her.

Butler and Whiting won the tub race, Swan and Vulte the canoe race, Orthwin the 100-yard swimming race flat, and Miller the 100-yard handicap.

This seems to be a year of dead heats. In track athletics dead heats have occasionally occurred, and when in the California-Yale dual games a dead heat was announced in the mile, it was no great surprise. When, however, the Yale and Harvard freshmen rowed a dead heat at New London, there was much talk as to the impossibility of two boats crossing the line actually on even terms.

It remained, however, for the Larchmont Yacht Club to produce by all odds the most remarkable race of the year. Three boats—*Jolly Tar*, *Howdy II*, and *Rascal*, 21-foot boats—sailed eleven miles, or twice around the triangular course, five and a half miles in length, and practically stuck together all the time. All three were beaten, it is true, by *Kid*, but they were announced as having sailed a dead heat, much to the astonishment of the ancient navigator.

In the schooners, Class D, there was a rattling race between *Elmina* and *Muriel*, both yachts taking large chances, and each suffering somewhat. *Muriel* gybed to the detriment of her spinnaker and spinnaker pole, while a little later on *Elmina* carried her spinnaker until it split. *Muriel* finished ahead of *Elmina*, but the time allowance of 17 seconds gave the race to *Elmina* by 12 seconds.

ONWENTSIA GOLF In the open tournament of the Onwentsia Club, Abraham Poole, Jr., and Percy Pine 2d each secured a 79, which was the low score in the qualification round. There were five strokes between this and the last qualifiers for the Ravinooks Cup, the qualifiers including Phelps Hoyt and Walter Egan, Chandler Egan tying for last place, Horstmann of Chevy Chase also qualifying with 81.

Chandler Egan came against Abraham Poole, Jr., in the finals for the Ravinooks Cup, and finally won out by 2 up. Walter Egan took the Solace Cup by beating Walter Smith 1 up in the nineteen holes. Pine and Horstmann won the Lake County foursome cup by defeating Walter Smith and Abraham Poole, Jr., 2 up and 1 to play.

NAHANT TENNIS The invitation tournament of the Nahant Club had some very interesting tennis. The match between Whitman and Leo Ware proved exceptionally entertaining. After Whitman had apparently won the match by taking the first two sets, Ware came back with a good deal of his old form, and, in spite of his inferior physique, took the next two sets 6-4, 6-4. This, in view of the fact that he had only won one game in the first two sets, goes to show how remarkable his play was. In the fifth set, however, he was manifestly exhausted, and Whitman beat him down 6-3.

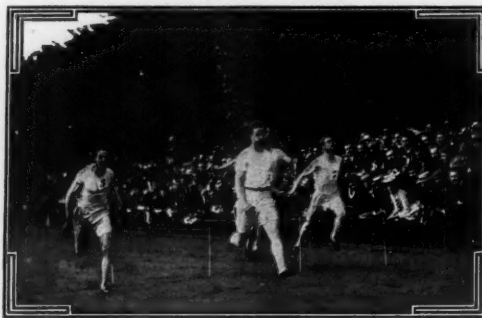
Beals Wright was too much for Clothier in their match on the same day, although he had to work hard to pull out the first set, which he finally did at 8-6. The next two he won 6-3, 6-3.

Ward and Davis had no trouble in defeating both Wheatland and Lovering, who succeeded in getting but one game in the two sets, and also Pierce and Motley, who did rather better by securing three in each set.

Davis and Ward came to the front finally in the doubles, while in the singles Malcolm D. Whitman eventually finished up unbeaten, although in his match with Beals Wright it looked at times as if the champion were going to succumb to the energetic aspirant, who has been steadily improving his game for the last two years. Wright took the first set, playing sharply and aggressively, 6-3. Wright also took the third set, but Whitman smothered him in the last two sets 6-1, 6-2. Ware was not up to his form of the early days of the tournament, and Clothier defeated him in three straight sets.

BRYNMAWR WINS LADIES' CHALLENGE CUP AT ROCKAWAY

BRYN MAWR in the finals for the Ladies' Challenge Cup at Rockaway defeated Lakewood 8 goals to 5½. Bryn Mawr was in excellent shape and showed team work which looks promising, while the Lakewood team was decidedly not at its best. Lakewood succeeded in scoring first, J. M. Waterbury, Jr. making a very pretty back-handed stroke after Gould had ridden Wheeler off. But that was all the scoring Lakewood



International Contests—Finish of Hundred-Yard Dash

did until the third period. Here Cowdin scored twice. Still, by the end of the period Bryn Mawr had pulled out in all 8 goals to Lakewood's 3, so that the game was practically hopeless, although in the fourth period Lakewood braced and Cowdin added 2 more goals.

INTERNATIONAL CONTESTS

In the last few years the question of international athletic contests has come up with constantly increasing fervor, and it is seldom indeed that a year, or even half a year, now passes without a trial of prowess which might be called that of one people against another. In track athletics we have had the contests of Oxford and Yale in England, of Cambridge and Yale in America, of Yale and Harvard against Oxford and Cambridge in England, and a return match in this country. We have also had the contest between the London Athletic Club and the New York Athletic Club in New York.

In addition to this we have had individual men performing over there every year at some of their championship meetings, the last and most well known being the recent performance of Duffy in the 100 yards, of which we present a most striking picture. He did not repeat the record-breaking that he performed in this country at the Intercollegiate, owing, probably, to a slight strain he received in his first heat, which

made it necessary for him to hold himself back rather than force himself. He won the event in even time.

In rowing there have been few visits of the Englishmen to this country. At the time of the Centennial some crews came over and rowed at Philadelphia, but it was not really a representative affair. Harvard sent a four-oar to row Oxford back in the 60's and was defeated. Henley has drawn Americans from time to time. Cornell, Columbia, Yale and Pennsylvania have all taken a turn at Henley, Columbia being the only one to win, and she sent a four-oar and not an eight-oar, nor did she enter for the Grand Challenge Cup, which is the main event before the eyes of the American rowing men. Ten Eyck of Worcester won the Diamond Sculls, but Titus of New York, this year making a similar attempt, failed.

International yachting has grown to be one of the especial delights of the general public, and our good fortune in many years ago winning the cup has enabled us to have these races on home waters, an advantage which is quite as marked in yachting, in fact more so, as in the sports already mentioned. England has the similar advantage in polo, in that the Englishmen have the cup which they won over here so many years ago, and yet a vigorous attempt was made this year to bring that cup back, when the American team played at Hurlingham.

In golf, the professionals Vardon and Taylor showed in the open championship over here, which Vardon won, Taylor being second, an ability to defeat our best professional talent—at that time, at any rate. An international amateur golf contest has not yet been brought off, but it is said we may expect before long visitors from England, and they will be very welcome. Cricket has been tried, but there has always been some doubt about whether the visiting team is sufficiently representative to stand as a criterion.

In tennis, on the other hand, we have already had some very interesting international contests, but not, up to this time, a meeting of the real champions on this side the water. This, however, is promised for this season, and, barring accident, will surely come off.

Baseball the Englishman does not take to kindly, and in football our rules differ so materially as to put an international contest out of the question.

Henley is undoubtedly to-day the point of especial interest and assault by foreigners.

The chances of Americans winning at Henley have been discussed most vigorously for the last year or two, and the trials by Cornell, Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania and the Argonauts have all been watched with great interest and, at times, with some enthusiasm. A great many people are wholly unable to understand why it is that in the supreme contest the Americans fail and the Englishmen get home first, and attribute it to various causes, such as greater stamina on the part of the Englishmen as well as more skillful rowing. If one could really get at the root of the matter, however, it would probably turn out that where the races are close it is the superior knowledge of the conditions and adaptability to them which brings the Englishmen across the line first. In the first place, Henley is a course of very dead water, and also very materially affected by the wind, and one station will be considerably better than the other on the day of the race. As Titus said after his race this year, "It felt as though I were rowing down a lane of water of lead against a wind that was blowing through a funnel. It is no wonder that Englishmen use narrow-bladed oars and, more than that, that they are able to row down their opponents at the finish of this Henley lane."



STAR SAFETY RAZOR

Shaves Clean and Never Pulls

Gentlemen with strong and wiry beards and tender skin to whom self-shaving is a torture will find shaving with this marvel of simplicity, delightful.

EVERY RAZOR GUARANTEED
THE ONLY ORIGINAL AND BEST SAFETY RAZOR IN THE WORLD.

Time and Money Saver
A RAZOR OF MERIT. Established 1875. The secret of our success is quality.

Insist on getting the "3 Stars." Higher in price than imitations, but well worth the difference. There is none "just as good." Razor, complete, \$2.00. Handmade sets, \$3.50 and up. Send for Catalogue.

KAMPFE BROS., 842 Reade Street, NEW YORK
Or all leading dealers in high-class cutlery.

Seaside or Mountain Top



For the after-bath chill, or the night air shiver at Seaside or Mountain Top.

Or for the weariness from the mid-day heat at all Summer Resorts, physicians prescribe a stimulant. The purest and best is needed, viz:

Hunter Baltimore Rye

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

RIPANS



The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Ripans Tablets. They have accomplished wonders, and their timely aid removes the necessity of calling a physician for many little ills that beset mankind. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general toning up. The Five Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

3 MONTHS FREE

Up to date mining paper containing all the latest news from famous gold camps, including

THUNDER MOUNTAIN

U. S. MINING JOURNAL

108 FULTON STREET NEW YORK

THE SILVER JUBILEE OF POPE LEO XIII.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 9)

attendants, when he is at work on a new composition, to suggest to him any change or improvement in matter or manner, and is ever most ready to adopt the change. In England the Pope's most remarkable poems have been translated, have appeared in the public press and have been most heartily welcomed. In the United States, however, I am not aware that his poems have been so warmly or so generally acknowledged. I hope that, with the Life of Leo XIII. which I have written, there will be published in this country some of the beautiful poetical effusions which have helped to render his name so popular in the Old World. As a further tribute to the present Pope, I must add that to find anything like his writings, either in the esteem in which they are held by Catholics or in the acknowledged good they have done in every Christian land, the student of church history must go back to the days of Gregory the Great.

A WORLD'S PEACEMAKER

As for the Supreme Pontiff's Encyclicals and other prose writings, I refer the reader to those written to Prince Bismarck and the Emperor William of Germany, to the Emperor of Austria, to the Bishops of Hungary and Bulgaria, to the Bishops of Belgium, Spain and the Netherlands. The student will in these Encyclicals peruse pages of surpassing Christian eloquence and wisdom, worthy of one whose mission is that of a teacher of the people of all nations. Students should also read the letters addressed by Leo XIII. to the Emperors of Japan and China, and to the Bishops of Canada, the United States and South America. Here will be found samples of the Pope's most enlightened policy and of his all-embracing statesmanship. For he has been unceasing in his attempts to solve many problems, to reconcile warring interests. No one Pontiff, within the reign of twenty-four years, has either succeeded in solving, or prepared for a not far-off solution, so many problems as the man whom pilgrims from both hemispheres have this year, week after week, been saluting and acclaiming at the Vatican as the two hundred and sixty-third successor of the Fisherman of Galilee, and proclaiming as the Prince of Peace and the creator of a new and more glorious Rome and Italy.

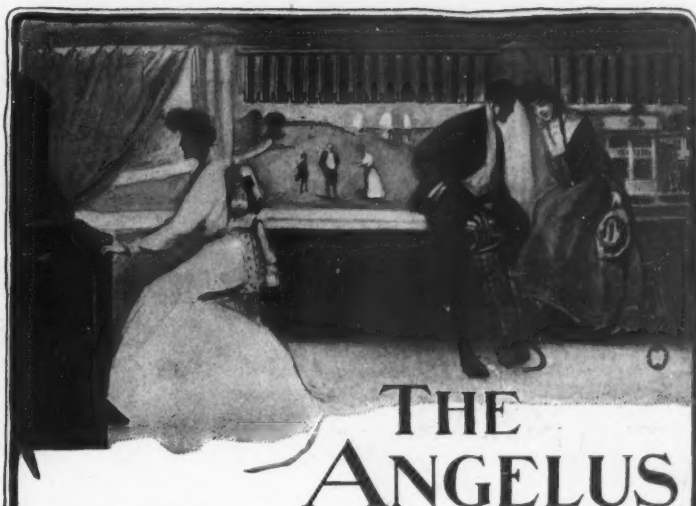
ADVANCING CHRISTIANITY

What has the present Pope done for the advance of Christianity in the dark places of the earth? He has done for more than one country what the Great Gregory did for Great Britain, what Leo I. did for Italy. Witness his efforts for the suppression of slavery in Africa and for the conversion of the natives of that continent. I have known Cardinal Lavigerie, the Apostle of modern Africa; I have seen him at work in France and all Europe to propagate his Society for the Suppression of African Slavery; I have seen him in Rome advising Leo XIII. and the Propaganda how to encourage the missionaries, or White Fathers, to spread the faith through Africa, and by their charity and pure lives to prepare the way for the advance of Christianity in the regions over which Paganism and Islam have ruled for so many centuries. As a first essay to changing the dark continent to an enlightened land, I have known Cardinal Lavigerie to begin by winning to himself, as Archbishop of Algiers, some two hundred thousand orphans left behind by Asiatic cholera after that disease had devastated northern Africa. It was then that he filled Rome, as he had filled France and western Europe, with enthusiasm in favor of his missionary project. In all this work the Cardinal was championed by the Pope, who gave and still gives the situation in Africa all the sympathy and encouragement of which he is capable, ever praising those who are carrying on the work in the unenlightened sections of Africa.

NEARING THE ETERNAL WORLD

It is for works like these that the Pope, now in extreme old age, is receiving daily the homage and veneration of the world. At the age of ninety-two he is somewhat feeble in body, but his mind is still active, and his ever creative intelligence is still fresh and fruitful. Millions of individuals hope that he will live many years more to bless, to pacify and to unify the nations. And yet, because of his extreme old age, it is natural that while I am writing the closing chapters of the Life of Leo XIII. I should hear the world asking—as in 1878 when I was completing the Life of Pius IX.—who will be the next Pope?

I know that thousands of persons like myself regret that it has not been in their power to approach the Apostolic throne in this year of pilgrimages, to lay their heads, as it were, on the knees of a parent and look up into those eyes which people say are now bright with the splendors of the eternal world.



ON lazy vacation days as well as at home after busy hours the ANGELUS is equally welcome. It rounds out each day with the music you like best. Your piano is a treasure-house of music and melody—and you have the key to it if you have an ANGELUS.

Hearing is believing. We assure you in good faith that the ANGELUS ORCHESTRAL is absolutely unique, and we will mail you an attractive illustrated booklet, free, describing its merits in detail. The best singers and musicians acknowledge its superiority and are enthusiastic about it. Your friends may have told you about the perfect piano playing produced with the assistance of the ANGELUS.

When you realize that you can play the piano perfectly with an ANGELUS, then you will enjoy piano music to a degree possible only to expert performers.

The best music houses will show you the ANGELUS.

Bangor, Maine, M. H. Andrews	Indianapolis, Ind., Geo. C. Pearson	Richmond, Va., Ferguson Bros.
Portland, Me., C. W. C. Pearson	Cincinnati, Ohio, The W. C. Woodmansee	Norfolk, Va., Ames & Burt
Boston, Mass., The Oliver Ditson Co.	Piano Company	Atlanta, Ga., F. L. Freyer
Worcester, Mass., C. F. Hanson & Co.	Louisville, Ky., The Ray Company	Memphis, Tenn., O. K. Houck & Comp.
Providence, R. I., Joseph M. Mann & Co.	St. Louis, Mo., The Estey Company	New Orleans, La., Julius Hart Piano House
Hartford, Conn., John M. Gallup & Co.	Chicago, Ill., Geo. F. Bent	Little Rock, Ark., O. K. Houck & Comp.
New York, N. Y., John Wanamaker	Galveston, Texas, Thos. Goggin & Bro.	Wilkesbarre, Pa., Perry Bros.
Albany, N. Y., W. J. Curtis & Co.	San Francisco, Cal., Sherman, Clay & Co.	Kansas City, Mo., Carl Hoffman Music Company
Syracuse, N. Y., S. Rosenbloom & Sons	Los Angeles, Cal., The Barlett Music Co.	Minneapolis, Minn., Foster & Walde
Utica, N. Y., Kempt Bros.	Harrisburg, Pa., John Bros.	Denver, Colo., Knight-Locke Music Co.
Detroit, Mich., F. J. Schwanenker	Pittsburg, Pa., S. Hamilton	Milwaukee, Wis., J. B. Tisley & Co.
Toledo, Ohio, Geo. F. Miller & Son	Philadelphia, Pa., John Wanamaker	Salt Lake City, Utah, Young Bros. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, J. T. Wamselink & Sons	Baltimore, Md., H. R. Eisenbrandt Sons	Portland, Ore., Elers Piano House
Piano Company	Washington, D. C., J. J. & Co.	

The Wilcox & White Co.

Main Offices and Factory - MERIDEN, CONN., U. S. A.

Bicycles Below Cost

5000 Bicycles, overstock. For 30 days only we will sacrifice at less than actual cost.

New 1902 Models.

"Bellie," complete	\$8.75
"Cossack," High Grade	\$9.75
"Siberian," a Beauty	\$10.75
"Neudorf," Road Racer	\$11.75

no other bicycle at any price. Choice of M. & W. or Record tires and best equipment on all our bicycles. Strongest guarantee.

We SHIP ON APPROVAL C.O.D. to any one without a cent deposit and allow 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL before purchase is binding.

500 good second-hand wheels \$3 to \$5.

Do not buy a bicycle until you have written for our free catalogues with large photographic engravings and full descriptions.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. 53 R CHICAGO

COLORADO

And Return?

\$25

First-class Round-Trip Tickets Chicago to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo on sale August 1 to 14, August 23 and 24 and August 30 to September 10; \$34.50 on other dates; good for return until October 31; correspondingly low rates from other points; favorable stop-over arrangements. Only two nights en route New York to Denver, one night from Chicago by the "COLORADO SPECIAL."

The best of everything.

ALL AGENTS SELL TICKETS VIA

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN AND UNION PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

Pipe Smoking Made Healthful

The main essential to a good smoke is a good pipe



The Famous

Siphon Pipe

is a good pipe, because it is constructed on sanitary principles. The nicotine flows into the reservoir instead of being absorbed into the system. The siphon prevents the saliva reaching the tobacco. The bowl is always dry. There will be no "heartburn." The reservoir is cleaned by blowing through the stem. It can be done while smoking, assuring a clean pipe always. It affords a clean, cool smoke, with no "old pipe" odor or taste.

Made of French Brier, with aluminum siphon and American amber, horn or rubber stem. A handsome pipe in every way.

\$1.00 by mail. Money refunded if not satisfactory. If in doubt write for booklet.

THE SIPHON TOBACCO PIPE COMPANY
Room J 556, 11 Broadway, New York

THE ALTA

IT'S A MINE
Ships Daily Gold and Silver Ore.

ONE of 33 claims owned by The Alta Mines Company. It also owns a \$100,000 mill; \$50,000 tramway, and has Over \$2,000,000 of Ore in sight. The Company owned on May 1, 1901, \$514,000. July 1, 1902, it was only \$125,000. To pay this the Company offers stock at a very low figure. A postal card brings particulars.

WIN. J. MORGAN & PINCK,
FINANCIAL AGENTS,
Fahst Bldg. MILWAUKEE, WIS.

"Defender of the Rails—The New York Central."—Utica Herald.

"FOR 34 YEARS A STANDARD PIANO"

The WING PIANO

You need this book IF YOU INTEND TO BUY A PIANO. A Book—not a catalogue—that gives you all the information possessed by experts. It makes the selection of a piano easy. If read carefully, it will make you a judge of tone, action, workmanship, and finish; will tell you how to know good from bad. It describes the materials used; gives pictures of all the different parts, and tells how they should be made and put together. It is the only book of its kind ever published. It contains 116 large pages, and is named "The Book of Complete Information about Pianos." We send it free to any one wishing to buy a piano. Write for it.

Save from \$100 to \$200 We make the WING PIANO and sell it ourselves. It goes direct from our factory to your home. We do not employ any agents or salesmen. When you buy the WING PIANO you pay the actual cost of construction and our small wholesale profit. This profit is small because we sell thousands of pianos yearly. Most retail stores sell no more than twelve to twenty pianos yearly, and must charge from \$100 to \$200 profit on each. They can't help it.

This Piano is the largest upright made—being our concert grand with longest strings, largest size of sound-board and most powerful action, giving the greatest volume and power of tone. It has 7 1/3 octaves, with overstrung scale, copper-wound bass strings; three strings in the middle and treble registers; "built-up" wrest plants, "dove-tailed" top and bottom frame; "built-up" end case construction; extra heavy metal plate; solid maple frame; Canadian Spruce sound-board; noiseless pedal action; ivory and ebony keys highly polished; hammers treated by our special tone-regulating device, making them elastic and very durable; grand revolving fall-board; full duet music desk. Case is made in Circassian walnut, figured mahogany, genuine quartered oak, and ebonized; ornamented with handsome carved mouldings and hand-carving on the music desk, trusses, pilasters, top and bottom frame.

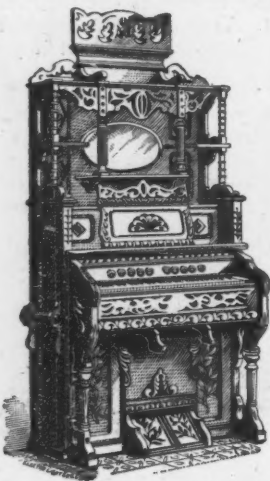


Wing Piano

No other piano made equals this in style and design of case

IN 34 YEARS OVER 33,000 PIANOS

We refer to over 33,000 satisfied purchasers in every part of the United States. WING PIANOS are guaranteed for twelve years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship, or material.



We Pay Freight

SENT ON TRIAL

No Money in Advance

We will send any WING PIANO to any part of the United States on trial. We pay freight in advance and do not ask for any advance payment or deposit. If the piano is not satisfactory after twenty days' trial in your home, we take it back entirely at our expense. You pay us nothing unless you keep the piano. There is absolutely no risk or expense to you.

Old instruments taken in exchange. **EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS**

INSTRUMENTAL ATTACHMENT

A special feature of the WING PIANO; it imitates perfectly the tones of the mandolin, guitar, harp, zither, and banjo. Music written for these instrument, with and without piano accompaniment, can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by an entire orchestra. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us, and it cannot be had in any other piano, although there are several imitations of it.

WING ORGANS

are just as carefully made as Wing Pianos. They have a sweet, powerful, lasting tone, easy action, very handsome appearance, need no tuning. Wing Organs are sold direct from the factory, sent on trial; are sold on easy monthly payments. For catalogue and prices write to

WING & SON

206-208 EAST TWELFTH STREET
1868-34th YEAR-1902

NEW YORK

50 Cents a Week

Two dollars monthly. Can you spare it? We have been instructed to sell one-half the lots belonging to a well-known estate in the heart of an incorporated village a few miles from New York City, 34 minutes by trains, commutation eleven cents, including ferriage, at the low and attractive price of \$75 per lot, or three cents per square foot, in order to close them out. These lots are beautifully situated, close to depot, on opened streets, surrounded by dwellings, churches and schools, and as fine a body of land as the sun ever shone upon. The title is perfect and guaranteed by Title Guarantee Company.

THIS OFFER IS FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST ONLY

It you want to invest in land near New York City, which is growing faster than any city in the world and evidently will, in a few years, be the largest city on the face of the earth, reaching out over a radius of twenty-five miles and absorbing all its present suburbs, of which Cresskill Park is one,

YOU SHOULD REMIT AT ONCE

Such installment or payment in full as you desire to make and we will select the best unsold lots on the map and send you a certificate by return mail

On September 1st the price will be increased to \$100

The lots are worth to-day two to four times the price asked, but the estimate is made that selling one-half the lots will more than quadruple the value of the remainder and persons of limited means can be benefited. Of course, some lots are worth more than others, so that first applicants will have advantage of first choice. If you want a home or have money to invest, now is your opportunity. It don't cost much to make the start, and we pledge our word that this offer is genuine, and well worth investigation. Call or write for descriptive circular. Address

HITCHCOCK LAND IMPROVEMENT CO.
244 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK

(Please mention where you saw this advertised)

Swift's Premium Bacon

The popularity of Swift's Premium Bacon as a breakfast food, or rasher for other meats, is due to its mild cure and appetizing flavor.

A few slices of Premium Bacon will satisfy the hungriest of men. "Swift's Premium" is sold by best dealers in all cities.

SWIFT & COMPANY

Packing Plants at Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, St. Joseph, and St. Paul